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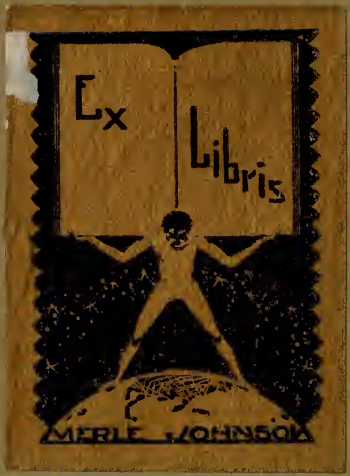

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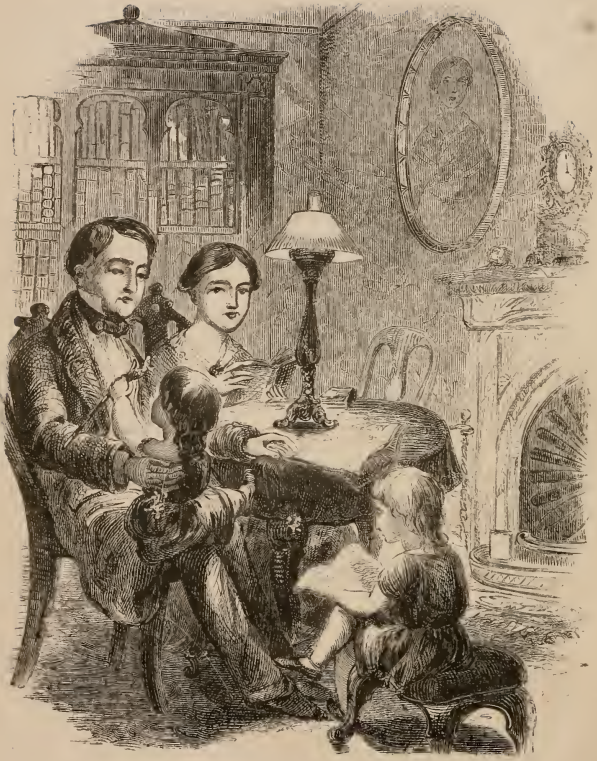

WILLIAM AND HIS FAMILY.

WORTH, NOT WEALTH;

AND

OTHER TALES.

BY

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Johnson 3 Nov 1925

WORTH, NOT WEALTH.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO JAMES.

James Williams was the only son of a wealthy merchant in the town of N. At the time our story commences, he was recovering from sickness, and was seated in a large easy chair, supported by pillows. His mother was sitting by his side, her well-worn Bible open upon a little table before her. She had been reading to him of Jesus, and telling of his childhood and of his love for little children, and how he took them in his arms and blessed them only a short time before his death. James was deeply interested, and listened atten-

tively to the story. At last he said, "Mamma, I never thought that Jesus *was really a little boy* at one time. I know the Bible speaks of his being a child, and I know that tells nothing but the truth; but it never before seemed to me just as it does now. Did he ever do wrong, or disobey his father or mother?" Mrs. Williams told her son more of the "blessed child," and of his perfect obedience to his parents, of his kindness to his enemies as well as friends, and of his great love to all mankind. As she talked with him, tears started to his eyes and coursed down his pale cheeks. He thought how different this was from his own conduct: he had disobeyed his parents many times, and all the pain and suffering endured throughout a long illness were caused by one act of disobedience. As he was usually a good, obedient boy, I must tell you all about it, trusting it will serve as a warning to all little boys and girls.

Not far from Mr. Williams's house there was

a deep mill stream. James's father had forbidden his going near it, fearing he might be drowned. One bright afternoon in spring, while James was playing in the garden, some of his companions came along, and invited him to go a-fishing with them. Finding them bound for the mill stream, he refused to accompany them, telling them his father had forbidden his going there. "Besides," said he, "if I go, it will make my mother feel sadly; it always does, when I disobey; and I do not like to grieve my kind, good mother." At this, Dick Blackwood, a boy much larger, and older, and more wicked than the rest, began to laugh at him about being under "petticoat government," and called him a coward. Poor James could not bear this. To be called a coward! — O, dear, it was dreadful. In his estimation, it was the worst name Dick could have called him; almost any thing was preferable. He was sure *he* was not a coward, but a brave, bold boy; and he did wish they would not talk so to

him. He did not want to do wrong; but then, if he did not go with them, all the boys would think he was afraid, and would always call him a coward. A terrible conflict was going on within his heart. Right and Wrong were waging war. One moment, Wrong would be victorious; the next, Right would bring a strong army of good reasons, and take full possession of the citadel: but at last James yielded, and Wrong victoriously bore off the banner. While he stood hesitating, and thinking of the wrong he was about to do, and of his mother, Dick, as if reading his thoughts, exclaimed in a sneering tone of voice, "Just see him; he is thinking of his mammy; he is afraid; he is afraid; he don't *dare* to go. Fine fellow he! Better buy a yard of tape, and tie one end to mammy's apron strings, and the other into your jacket button hole." This caused a shout and a deal of laughing among the boys. James could endure it no longer; so, drawing up his slender figure, he said, "I'm

not afraid; I'll go — lead on." The boys gave one shout more, but now it was one of exultation; and Dick, walking up to him, cried out, "That is a fine fellow; give us your hand." Once more the company shouldered their rods, and started for the stream.

No child would envy James his thoughts and feelings; he was every thing but happy. He resolved to stay only a little time with them, thinking that, when they did not notice him, he would slip away and run home — possibly his mother would never know of his disobedience, for he might not be missed from the garden. Thus he sought to comfort himself. But Dick feared he would leave them, if a chance offered, so kept close to him all the time. When they reached the stream, Dick gave him one of the best rods, and prepared his bait. James threw it into the water; soon a fish was swimming about it; not long did it resist the temptation, and James was the first to throw a fine perch upon the green grass.

It seemed as though, for once, disobedience was to be crowned with success; for while others had little or no "luck," as they said, James drew fish after fish out of the pure, placid stream. James's companions called him the "lucky one," and seemed well pleased that he should succeed. "Well, Jim," said Harry Gobright, "aren't you glad you came with us? I guess your mother won't *stew* much when you carry her this fine mess of perch — think she will? My father told me he 'would flog me within an inch of my life if I came near this stream.' Yet last week I came here; and when I carried him my fish, he said he guessed he would not flog me that time, for I had brought him a nice dinner: so I guess you will fare as well, if you carry home your fine fish." James sighed. "O, dear, no, I shan't! My father never says one thing, and does another. But I hope to get home before he does; and then I guess he never will find it out. I don't mean to carry home my fish, for then they

certainly would find out; for mother would ask me where I got them, and I cannot tell a lie — no, I will not tell a lie." "Then supposing you give me your fish, to help save my bacon," said Harry; "for I have only a few, and my father may be as good as his word. "You may have them, and welcome; but, Harry, don't you come here again, if your father has told you not to. I never mean to, if I ever get home again. I am sorry I came this time. If I had not been afraid to say no, I should not have come. It is wrong for both of us. Will you stay away, next time Dick asks you to come with him? Come over and see me, and we will ——" "Hallo! see Jim and Harry!" cried Dick. "What you up to, sitting there so quietly — discussing politics or religion, or plotting how to get home? Come, come, be men; we are all going home some time, if we don't miss of it; so be industrious while we do stay." The boys separated, for all eyes were turned upon them; James threw his line

into the water, and stood watching it, when one of the boys, noticing his care to keep away from the edge of the bank, called out to him that he was a "landsman." This James did not fancy; so little by little he advanced till he stood upon the very edge of the bank. At this Dick called out, "Ned, call Jim Williams a landsman now — will you? You don't dare stand where he is standing now." All looked; but no James was to be seen. The earth had given way: a loud splash in the water and one piercing scream was what they heard. Consternation filled the group of boys. "What shall we do — what shall we do?" burst from a score of white lips; yet not one of all the group moved, or made any effort to rescue their drowning playmate. When James arose to the top of the water, his head was thrown back, his arms stretched towards his companions, and in a voice of anguish he cried, "Help me — help me!" Then the waves closed over him again.

Soon after James left the garden, his father returned home for him to ride with him, but not finding him, took a little friend of James that was waiting for, and wondering too what had become of, James. Mr. Williams had returned from his ride, and while giving some directions to his groom, heard the cry of distress raised by the boys when James fell into the stream, and hastened to ascertain the cause of it. He reached the scene of distress just in time to see his own son sink into the waves the second time. Throwing off his coat, he sprang from the bank, and as James came up, seized him by the hair. Mr. Williams was an expert swimmer; but now he made little headway, for he found his insensible boy a heavy burden. He could do little more than keep himself and James's head above water, and began to fear both would be drowned. But relief was at hand. Some fishermen had heard the same cry that caused Mr. Williams to hasten to the spot, and went in their boat to the scene of distress; and

James and his father were rescued by them, and carried safely ashore. All thought James was dead. Dick went for a physician, while the fishermen carried his insensible playmate home. Dick thought of James's poor distressed mother, and time and again said to himself, "O, if he is dead, or if he should die, what will become of me? I alone am to blame; for if I had not said so much, he would not have gone with us. O, dear — O, dear!"

Surely Dick was to be pitied now. When he reached the doctor's, it was some time before he could make them understand his errand; for with running, crying, and sobbing, he could scarcely speak. As soon as good Dr. Littleton found out the case, he took Dick by the hand, and hurried away. "Now, my lad, tell me all about this sad affair," said the doctor. "What had you to do with it?" Dick told him all — how unwilling James was to join the fishing party, and all he said and did to induce him to accompany them. Then he began to cry

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JAMES FIRST DISOBEDIENCE.

and wring his hands again, saying, "O James, James! I have killed you — never, never will do so again — never again will urge a boy to disobey his parents." Kindly and faithfully the doctor talked to him as they hurried along. Dick promised him he would be a better boy; and well and nobly did he keep that promise, and from one of the worst became one of the best boys in the village — was faithful both in his home and school duties, and grew up beloved and respected by all who knew him.

When they reached the house, Dick, anxious to know the worst, followed the doctor into the room where James was. They found him stretched upon a bed, looking as though he was perfectly dead, his parents and others rubbing him with flannel, and doing every thing in their power to restore him to life. The doctor, looking at him, shook his head. "I fear we cannot do any thing for him, poor fellow!" But placing his hand on James's left side, his eyes beamed with delight as he

exclaimed, "There is hope! There still is life, for I feel a slight motion of the heart." It was many hours before James was conscious of any thing that was passing around him. When he opened his eyes, his mother was bending over him; he looked at her, closed his eyes again, and soon was in a quiet sleep. The physician left, telling his parents that if he seemed ill when he awoke, they must send for him immediately. As the last rays of the sun were stealing into his room, James again opened his eyes, and seeing his mother, he smiled, and said, "Mamma, are you here? I am so glad, I have had such a terrible dream. But how my head aches! O, dear! I'm afraid I shall die." At this moment he fainted, but restoratives were given him, and once more life animated his frame; but his usually mild, pleasant eye was wild and glaring; he raved, screamed, and struggled to get away from his parents; he no longer knew his kind mother, or heeded the tears she shed over him; his constant cry

was, "Help me, Dick! help me!" Skilful physicians attended him; but the fever made fearful ravages, and for days his life was despaired of. His mother watched over and nursed him with the greatest care. At last he was a little better; but it was many days before he was pronounced out of danger. However, that time came at last, and then he rapidly recovered. Many times did he press his mamma's hand between his own thin white ones, saying, "Dear, dear mamma, how much I love you! Never again will I disobey you or father." I scarcely need tell you he remembered the lesson that caused him so much pain and sorrow to learn. If ever tempted in after life to disobey, one thought of this sick bed was enough to recall him to the path of duty. This brings us to the commencement of our story.

CHAPTER II.

MORE OF JAMES.

We left James listening to the story of the childhood of Jesus. After Mrs. Williams had finished, James said, "Mother, I have always been a naughty boy; but if I get well again, I mean to be a better one. While I was sick, and could not talk much, I thought a great deal. I remembered how often I had disobeyed you and father, how unkind I had been to my playmates sometimes. I believe I never did a wrong thing in my life but what I thought of it while I was so sick; and, O how it made me feel! I felt that I had sinned against God, and I was and am sorry for it. I have prayed many times, and have asked God to forgive me. How I wish I could follow Christ's example in doing good! I know I am not too

young to be a Christian; and O, it makes me shudder when I think how near death was to me. I have asked God to forgive me, for Christ's sake, and I feel as though he had answered my prayer, I feel so differently from what I did once. I love my Saviour now. How good it was in him to die for us, sinners! Dear, precious Saviour! I wish all my schoolmates and little friends felt just as I do. I hope God will help me to be a good boy, and keep helping me after I get to be a man." His mother kissed his forehead, telling him he must always trust his Saviour's love; he would find him a friend in time of trouble and temptation, ever the same in sunshine and in shade. "You must not attempt to do any thing in your own strength; if you do, you will fail; but in every thing ask God's assistance. Never do any thing that you feel you cannot ask God to bless and prosper you in."

In a few weeks after this, James was well enough to attend school, and join his young

companions in their studies and sports once more; but he was a different boy from what he had been before his sickness. His companions noticed the change; for, before, he was often unkind, and sometimes treated them rather roughly; but now he met all with kindness, and was ever ready to assist those that needed his aid. Often, while others were playing, he might be seen, arm in arm with some young friend, walking away from the rest; and could we have listened to their conversation, we should have found that he was trying to persuade this friend to seek an interest in the same Saviour he found so precious. Then, again, he might be seen with a few on their way to what they called their little church. This was a retired part of the playground, where there was a little clump of trees; a few had been cut from the centre, the stumps of which served for seats, while one, a little taller than the rest, served for a pulpit. At the base of this there was a deep hollow, which

had been dug out long before by some animal; this they filled with leaves, and placed a little Testament and hymn book in it, securing the mouth of the little cavern with a large stone. They had no fear of the books being injured by damp weather, busy little squirrels, or roguish boys. To this little sanctuary James and some of his companions used often to retire; there, sheltered from the sun, and away from all playmates, they held little meetings. James used to speak of them years after, when he was a man, and say, "How much I enjoyed them!" He always called them "the bright flowers of his youth."

James had been a regular attendant of the Sabbath school ever after he was old enough to understand the meaning of the words. Sometimes he would rather have staid at home; but his parents thought best for him to attend, if possible. Now he "loved the Sabbath school dearly," he said, and was very unwilling to be absent. The superintendent often addressed the

children, selecting such subjects as would interest them. One Sabbath morning James had been talking with his mother about doing good. While thus engaged, the bell warned him that the hour for school had arrived, and he started up, humming, "It is my rule not to be late to Sabbath school; so, mother, we will finish this talk after we come from church."

That day, the subject selected by the superintendent was, Ways in which little boys and girls may do good. James looked pleased, and whispered to his teacher, "I'm glad Mr. G. has chosen that subject; it is just what mother and I were talking about this morning." His teacher smiled approvingly, told him to pay strict attention and remember all that was said.

When he went home, he told his mother Mr. G. said they could do good by inviting and taking others into the Sabbath school. "Now, I know some one I am going to invite. There is Willie Smith; he never goes to church or Sunday school."

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Williams, "I am glad you have selected him, and hope you will meet with good success in getting him to go with you."

"But, mother, I am afraid the boys will laugh at me, if I take him; do you suppose they will? You know he always looks ragged and dirty — I really am almost ashamed to be seen with him."

"What! ashamed to do him good?"

"Why, no; but — but ——"

"But what, my son?"

"Why, I wish he did look a little better and neater, and that his father was not such an intemperate man. The boys call him 'Bill the toper's son,' and make fun of him, and laugh at every boy that has any thing to do with him."

"My son, do you suppose Jesus was ashamed of the poor, the wretched, and the sorrowing he helped and comforted? And will not my little son take him for his example, and not

mind what his playmates say about doing right?"

"I will, mother; I will try and remember his life, and try and follow his example; but I am so forgetful, and so proud, too! I know that it is wrong to feel so, and try to drive away such feelings; but they stick just like burrs. I cannot get rid of them always; I often pray when they trouble me; and I do believe God listens to me sometimes, for while I am praying all the wicked feelings will go away. Now, I am going over to ask Willie to go with me this very afternoon." So he took up his cap and left the house.

Walking over to Mr. Smith's, he rapped at his door till his little knuckles actually ached. Meeting with no success, he walked into the house; the first object he saw was Mr. Smith asleep upon the floor, and so intoxicated that he had little more sense than the huge brandy bottle by his side. At first James was afraid, and did not dare venture into the room; but

finding he did not move or speak, he gained courage, and with noiseless step and a beating heart he hurried past him. Nowhere could he find Willie or his mother. At last he called, "Willie! Willie!" Mr. Smith was disturbed by this, and made a noise between a scream and a groan. James made a hasty retreat, more dead than alive from fright, and gave up his search for that day.

During the week he went to see Willie several times, but did not find him at home till Saturday afternoon. Willie was much surprised to see James in his house, and exclaimed, "Why, Jim Williams! what brought you here?" When James told him, he was perfectly delighted with the idea, and readily promised to go with him the next day. Then he told him how anxious he was to learn, and how he longed to study and read. "But it is no use wishing; I can't do it. Father used to teach me; but now he has no time, or is sick."

He did not know that James was there the

Sunday before, and saw the sad sickness of his father.

"Well, Willie, I will tell you what I will do. I'll help you all I can, if you will come over to my house every evening."

Willie danced and capered for joy, and ran to tell his mother that he was going to study once more.

"O mother, who knows but I may be a great man some time, though the boys now call me 'Bill the toper's son'? O, dear! how I do wish father would let the brandy alone! Then we should be so happy once more; and you, dear mother, would not have to work so hard, or be treated so unkindly by people. O dear, dear mother, don't cry so bitterly: I will work, and study, if James will teach me; and we may be happy yet. Please dry your tears, mother;" and he took the corner of her coarse apron and wiped away the tears, and kissed her care-worn cheek.

James had left; but could he have witnessed

this scene, he would have felt a deeper interest in Willie, and loved him better for his love and kindness to his poor mother.

How little we know of the hearts of those around us! Willie's playfellows treated him as though he was devoid of all feeling, and his heart stone or steel. Poor fellow! little did they know of his love and devotion to his mother, of the many ways he took to lighten the heavy burden resting upon her, or of the many nights he cried himself to sleep because his father led such a life. Though Willie was a drunkard's son, he was a noble boy. Then, dear children, learn from little Willie that kind and noble hearts sometimes beat under rags and dirt, and never reproach or insult a little boy or girl who does not happen to be as well dressed or as well educated as yourself. Possibly, if they had had your advantages, they might have left you far in the background — they might have made better scholars, and look better and more tasteful in your

clothing than you do. Every reproach, every taunt, may be a barbed arrow piercing a generous, sensitive soul. Rather strive to scatter a few pleasant things along their dreary pathway. Kind words and kind acts are like beautiful buds and flowers springing up in our every-day life. How long they will live in the garden of our memory! and though forgotten by the hand that planted them there, we cherish and care for them; and each time we wander into that little garden, they lift up their bright petals, and smile and sunshine light up the face that but a moment before was so sad. These little buds and flowers cost us little or nothing, but they may be more precious than gold to the receiver. Remember, dear children, who it is that cast your lot in pleasanter places, and seek to do good to those around you.

James was delighted to think he had met with such success, and hastened home to tell his mother of his plan for teaching Willie.

She gave her full consent. James hurried through his tea, and then went up to his own study, as he called it. This was a small room in the attic. I must tell you how it looked; then you can better imagine the boys in it.

James was very particular, and could not endure that any thing belonging to him should be out of place or soiled: so imagine every thing to be in perfect order — no place nor thing assigned to "Madam Disorder." The floor is covered with oil cloth carpeting, of dark color and small diamond figures. Near the centre of the room is a small study table, one that had been in his father's study till too old and shabby, when it was banished to the lumber room, where it stood for years. When James espied it, it was so covered with cobwebs and dust that he declared he had to look half a dozen times before he could make out what it was. However, a strong will and a good dusting brush soon removed these; then his father gave him leave to do what he chose

with it; so he had it carried to his room, and you would not recognize it in its new coat of paint and green flannel. Now it was covered with books and drawing and writing materials. In one corner of the room was a small chest of carpenters' tools for boys — a present from James's uncle upon his tenth birthday. By the side of this was a little work bench, made by himself; under it, neatly piled up, were bits of boards, timber, shingles, and things of that sort; over it a shelf filled with little pots of paint, varnish, oil, and a variety of brushes. I forgot to tell you that the table was indebted to James for its fine appearance, for he it was that painted and varnished it. Opposite his work bench was a very pretty book case, of his workmanship, neatly made and filled with his own books. Add a wash-stand and two chairs, and you have a picture of his play-room, or his study, as he called it, though one must be a comfortable rocking chair for his mother, for she often pays him visits, and

every one that knows any thing of his room knows that he always calls that one "mother's chair." To this little room James went as soon as he had finished his supper, and prepared it for Willie's visit — then went out to meet him.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIE'S FIRST VISIT.

THE boys went directly to the little study. James was surprised to see how much at home Willie appeared to be among books and writing materials — then to find he was quite a good scholar. He could hardly believe what he heard and saw. Willie Smith — that boy whom all thought so poor and ignorant — could read as well as himself. James exclaimed, —

"Why, Willie, where did you learn so much? I had no idea you knew how to read."

Willie told him that his father had been a man of property, had received a college education, and had taken great pains to teach him till within a year or two. During that time "he has been sick so much he has not been able to attend to my lessons."

As he said this, a deep blush mantled his cheek, for he knew what it was that made his father such a different being from what he had been a few years before. James saw his embarrassment, and in a pleasant, cheering voice said, —

"Never mind, Willie; you may come here any time, and study and read; and who knows but you may be a fine scholar yet? I shall go to school every day, and at night I will teach you all I have learned: so you will know all I do. You may come up here any time in the day, no matter if I am not here."

Willie was not used to kindness from his companions; and the kind voice and offer of James melted his heart; the tears trickled down his thin cheeks.

"O James, do you mean as you say? Have you forgotten that the boys will laugh at you if you have any thing to do with me? Do you remember that I am called 'Bill the toper's son'?"

"I know and remember all, Willie; but you are not to blame for what your father does. I don't care what the boys say; I am determined to do what I think right. Your father is not able to send you to school; you want an education; here I am, with books and teachers: why should not I lend to you? Only be good, Willie, and do right, and I'll stand by you. The boys may laugh, if they want to. I know they won't; or if they do, they will not do it long. O, don't cry, Willie; wipe up: here, take my silk handkerchief. Now for our lessons."

James found Willie could write very well, and that he knew something of arithmetic, geography, and history. Two hours passed quickly away; and the old town clock, that had noted the passing hours for more than half a century, pealed forth nine before they thought of it. They both concluded it was the shortest evening they had known for a long time. But it was a useful one to them; they

parted with different and better feelings than they met with. Willie resolved that he would try and be somebody: he could be a good boy; and if his father was a drunkard, he would be a respectable man. James resolved that he would notice Willie, and do all in his power for him; for if he was ragged, and not very neat, he had a good, kind heart, and was a real good fellow; and by and by he would look better,—he knew he would,—if the boys took notice of him, and did not laugh at him all the time. He was perfectly delighted to find Willie knew so much, and Monday he intended to tell the boys all about it. Why, he even told his parents Willie knew a great deal more than some of those that laughed at him and made fun of him, and said he meant to tell them so too, if they said much to him.

After James had gone to bed, Mr. Williams told his wife he believed Willie would make an excellent man, and a smart one too, if he

could have the advantages of an education; and "if he is a good boy," said he, "and does as well as he can, he shall not want for the means of obtaining one. We will try him a while, and see how he behaves with his present opportunities offered by James."

The next morning, James called for Willie to go to Sabbath school with him; and he came out of the house, looking neat and nice, though his clothes were coarse and patched; his usually bushy hair was nicely brushed, exposing a fine high forehead; his old, stringless shoes could boast of a coat of blacking and new strings. James hardly knew him when he first made his appearance — soap and water, comb and brush, had made such a change. He felt no shame, as Willie walked by his side; and all the way to school, he spoke words of encouragement to keep up his drooping spirits.

Entering the school, they walked directly up to the superintendent. James introduced Willie,

and asked if he might go into his class. His request was granted; and hand in hand they passed up the principal aisle. The boys stared to see them together.

As they left, when school was over, some of them began to laugh and make fun; but James gently reproved them; and as he was beloved by all, the voice of ridicule was soon hushed.

A few months passed; James's father had carefully noticed Willie's conduct, and saw that he had greatly improved in that time. His manners were gentlemanly, his dress neat and tidy, his hair was nicely brushed, and his shoes had no occasion to mourn the loss of their strings. He neither looked nor acted like the boy of a few weeks ago. All day long he worked industriously, and every evening was spent in James's little room in study. It was evident to all that he had decided he could be somebody, and he would be.

His playmates no longer called him "Bill

the toper's son," but it was "Willie." Many sought his society, and really loved him, he was so kind and obliging. Ever ready to help them with their balls or kites, in trouble they were sure to find a sympathizing friend in him.

James and Willie were warm friends, and were together all their leisure time. Many people "wondered that James's parents would allow such a thing;" but they looked at the worth, rather than the wealth, of their son's associates, and when they found that Willie was inclined to do right, and that James was doing good by encouraging and associating with him, they said not a word against it.

Two years passed in this manner, when it was decided that James must leave home, and prepare for college. One evening, Mr. Williams told James of his decision. James looked sorrowful enough at the thought of leaving his kind parents and pleasant home. He stood by his father's side without speaking, but tears filled his eyes. His father stroked back his

hair, and kissing him, inquired what the matter was. Then he really cried. He told his father he could not bear to leave him and his mother.

"And then to think I must go all alone: I wish Willie's father was rich enough to send him." Then followed a fresh flood of tears.

His father told him he would soon feel better about it, and drew his attention to some other subject; so that when Willie came in, he was looking quite like himself.

The boys went to their room. James told Willie what his father had said about his going to school, and again he wept over it. But this time he was not alone, for Willie joined him. Little studying was done that evening; it was all spent in talking over the future. Willie said he believed he should die if James went away; then James tried to comfort him; and when he was cheerful, James thought of it again, and burst into tears. So the evening was spent — resembling an

April day ; one moment sunshine, the next a shower.

The next day, James walked over to see Willie, and told him his father said he would go in just two weeks. Again they talked it all over ; but James had become more reconciled to leaving home, and now could talk about it without shedding tears. He told Willie he might call his study his own while he was gone, and might take care of and use his things just as much as he pleased. Willie promised to take good care of them, but thought he should take little pleasure in using them, if James was not there to help him.

We all know how rapidly two weeks will pass away ; but James thought the two that intervened between the time of his knowing that he was to go and his going were the shortest he ever knew in all his life. He spent them in picking up his playthings and books, and putting all things in order for Willie's use while he was away.

The day before he was to leave was spent by the boys in visiting all their favorite walks and playing grounds. They rested a while in their "church," and while sitting here, talked of the future. James said he intended to be a minister, if he lived to be a man. Willie said he wished he could study, and get an education, so as to be a lawyer.

"But it is no use wishing; I can't be any body or any thing but a poor, uneducated fellow. O James, I am half discouraged when I think of it."

James told him to keep up a good heart.

"You'll come out bright as a new dollar; some way will be opened for you, I believe. Keep on helping yourself, and I know somebody will help you by and by. My mother says, 'Where there is a will there is a way;' and you have got the will, so I think the way will be coming."

Little did James think "the way" was so close at hand. That night, when the boys

parted, their hearts were so full they could not say "good by;" but they threw their arms around each other's neck in one long embrace. Then Willie, seizing his hat, hurried from the house. Both cried themselves to sleep that night. Had they but known what was in store for them, their dreams would have been pleasant, and their pillows would not have been wet with tears. Willie thought his mother seemed more tender towards him than usual, and noticed her eyes filled with tears every time she looked at him, and thought she was very sad about something. When she gave him her good-night kiss, she pressed him close to her heart, saying, —

"Willie, dear, be a good boy always — always. Don't forget what I tell you."

"I will try to be, mother; but I feel so badly about James going away, that I cannot help crying. O mother, you don't know how much I wish I could have an education. I wish so for your sake and my own, too. But

never mind: I guess we shall come out bright. I can be a good, respectable man, if I am not a learned one."

The next morning he was disturbed early by his mother's gentle voice: —

"Willie, Willie, wake up, love! I have good news for you: you are going to school with James."

He sprang out of bed, and danced around the room for joy. While he was dressing, in a suit exactly like the one he saw prepared for James the night before, his mother told him that Mr. Williams came to see her soon after he decided to send James to school, and offered to fit him out and pay his expenses for one year, if she would let him go with James. They had talked the matter over, and at last she decided to let him go. Willie could scarcely dress himself, so great was his delight.

"Now I shall have an education. Joy! joy! See if I am not a lawyer some time. Then I guess they won't call me Bill the toper's

son. But I feel badly to leave you, dear mother," and his lips quivered as he said it. "I wish father would not drink that dreadful brandy, he is so kind and good when that is all away. Do you know where he is? I did not see him last evening; and I forgot to ask about him, I was feeling so badly about James going away. O, if I had only known I was going too, I should have had all the wood cut, and ever so many little things done, so you would not have to do it after I was away. But I thought I would stay with James all the time I could, and leave those things to do after he was away; for I knew, if I was at work, I should not miss him half so much. Now I am sorry I did it. Why did not you tell me, mother?"

"Mr. Williams preferred I should not. He wanted to be sure that you would go before he told you of it. He asked me to tell you last night; but I felt so sad I could not do it."

"Well, mother, I have thought what I will do. I will ask Mr. Williams's man, Peter, to come over and do some little things for you while I am gone; for I am afraid father will not do all you ought to have done for you. Mother, don't feel sad, don't cry so: I was only thinking how you would get along without me to help you even a little. Never mind: I will be a real good boy, for your sake, and will study hard and faithfully; so you shall not have to work so hard always. We will both think of that song James and I sing, 'There is a good time coming.' You have often told me God would take care of us, when I have been wondering what would become of us, we were so cold and hungry, and he has done it. Now, mother, won't he take as good care of us, if we are far from each other?"

His mother's heart was so full that all she could say was, —

"Yes, my son; yes."

By this time he was dressed, and they

walked over to Mr. Williams's. They found James all ready for a start. When Willie made his appearance, James looked at him in perfect astonishment.

"I know all now, father! Mother, I know all! Willie is going with me! Dear, kind papa, how good you are to let my Willie go with me!" And away he hurried to tell Willie how glad he was that he was going with him, and how he wondered why his father brought home two trunks just alike. He thought one was enough for himself; and when he asked his father about it, he looked to his mother and smiled, saying it was for a good purpose. "And I think it is — don't you, Willie?"

At this moment his mother called them to breakfast; but who ever knew children eat any thing when they were going away from home? Before they got away from the table, the stage came for them; and the driver hurried them away so quickly that they had only time to

say a hasty good by. Mr. Williams went with them, for he wished to see them settled in their new home. They commenced their journey as the sun was rising. For a time they were very quiet, and now and then a low sob might be heard. Though the future looked so bright, they were sad to leave their kind, loving friends. Mr. Williams gradually drew their attention to things around them, pointed out all the pleasant places, and related interesting stories. Thus they journeyed on till late in the afternoon, when the stage stopped, and they found themselves at the gateway of Ellwood Academy.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THEY PROSPERED AT SCHOOL.

WHILE they were alighting, a little, short, fleshy man was making his way down the gravel walk to meet them. He made a very low bow to Mr. Williams, accompanying it with, "Your humble servant, sir. Can I render you any assistance, sir?" The boys looked at one another, and more roguish-looking eyes or merrier faces you never saw.

"You don't expect he is one of the teachers — do you?" whispered Willie.

"I guess, if he is, it must be the dancing master."

By this time they had reached the house, and were ushered into a little parlor, which James said made him think of home. Here the little man bustled about, begged them to

be seated while he "fixed the fire;" then he would speak to Mr. Ellwood. In attempting to do things quickly, he knocked down the poker; of course the shovel and tongs followed; replacing these, he bowed himself out of the room, and went in search of Mr. Ellwood.

Willie and James were full of surmises. "How will Mr. Ellwood look? How will he receive us?" Whether he was a pleasant man? They hoped he never spoke crossly to the scholars, and hoped he would be pleasant to them, for they meant to be good boys. Here they were interrupted by the entrance of a noble-looking man, who proved to be Mr. Ellwood. Mr. Williams introduced the boys; he cordially shook the hand of each, and with a smile welcomed them to their Ellwood home. He made inquiries about their journey; then conversed a while with Mr. Williams. The boys, in the mean time, amused themselves with a book of engravings.

"Ah," said Mr. Ellwood, "I forgot my little

men might like to go to their room." So stepping across the room, he rang the bell. The same man they had seen before answered it; and Mr. Ellwood bade him show the young gentlemen their room.

While they were gone, Mr. Williams told Mr. Ellwood about Willie, and that he wished the boys to pursue the same studies. "They are warm friends now, and I wish them to continue such. You may think strange that I am so anxious to have them good friends; but Willie has been tried; I feel as though I knew him perfectly; and though poor, and his father intemperate, he is a good boy; and I think more of the 'worth than the wealth' of my son's associates."

Willie and James found they were not to room alone; for they were ushered into a large, square room, each corner of which was occupied by a large double bed. Jacob — for that was the man's name — pointed out the one they were to occupy, and left them.

After washing and brushing up, they went back to the parlor. Finding the gentlemen still talking, they seated themselves by a window that overlooked the playground, and were quite surprised to see a large number of boys out there. Till this moment both supposed it was a small school to which they were going; to be sure, they never asked any thing about it, but somehow they had made up their minds it was small; and well might they be surprised to see a hundred or more boys in the playground, and then to have Mr. Ellwood tell them that was only about half of his school. With a sigh Willie inquired of James if he supposed they should ever know one half of them.

At this moment the supper bell sounded its welcome call; the players, perfectly willing to answer it, hastened to the house. Mr. Williams accepted an invitation to go with his children to supper, wishing to see as much of the school as was possible in the short time he staid with

them. When our party entered the dining hall, they found the boys all standing, and waiting for Mr. Ellwood, who, after assigning seats to the new comers, walked to the head of the table, and touched a little bell. This was a signal for all to be seated. Such a noise as followed that little musical bell — such a moving of chairs! It reminded one of a terrible thunder storm; but it lasted only a moment; then silence, perfect silence, reigned, and every head was bowed, while Mr. Ellwood implored a blessing. This finished, such a clattering of plates, knives and forks, and tumblers Willie or James never before heard. The tables were plainly but plentifully supplied, and all but our little friends appeared to enjoy the good bread and sweet butter; they had little appetite for food, but were feasting their eyes and learning things which would be useful to them in their school life. Not a movement was made but they saw it and remembered it; for they felt they were among strangers, and well they

knew that school boys had no mercy for the ignorant or awkward.

Supper over, all moved back from the table; Jacob handed Mr. Ellwood a large Bible, and they had evening devotions before leaving the dining room; after which, Mr. Ellwood introduced James and Willie to Arthur Bryant, one of their future companions. He invited them to go to the playground with him; but they had no desire to go where they would meet so many strangers; so he showed them the school rooms, library, and other public rooms connected with the school.

While thus engaged, the bell rang for study hours; and Arthur, guiding them back to the parlor, left them once more with James's father and Mr. Ellwood. Being very tired, they bade Mr. Williams good night, and retired to rest at an early hour; and so soundly did they sleep, that they never knew when their room-mates went to bed.

They were awakened, early next morning, by

a bell, and began to inquire of each other what it was before they fairly got their eyes opened. Some one bade them good morning, and inquired how they had rested the first night in their new home. They found the speaker to be Arthur. Both eagerly inquired if he roomed there, and were quite delighted to find he did, for they already felt that in him they should find a friend. They dressed quickly, for Arthur told them the bell for prayers would ring directly; and scarcely were they dressed before it sounded loud and long.

They found Mr. Ellwood in the school room; and he looked so pleasant, and bade them good morning so kindly, that our friends felt as though they almost loved him then. From the school room they went directly to breakfast. Scarcely were they seated when Jacob spoke to Mr. Ellwood in a low voice, who immediately excused James and Willie to see Mr. Williams before he left for home. They found him in the parlor, all ready to return to the place

they loved so well. The boys felt rather sad to be left among strangers, and almost wished they were going back with him. Willie looked at James, whose eyes were full of tears; and he exclaimed, —

"Why, James, if we go back with your father, we never shall make ministers or lawyers; so let us behave more like men. But I don't think I am a very good hand to preach or practise either; for here comes a great tear directly upon my hand."

Mr. Williams smiled to see how Willie tried to brave it out, and be a man, and endeavored to help him by saying, —

"Come, boys; this shedding tears never will do; you never will make professional men, at this rate. Willie is right there — no mistake about it. So cheer up. Think how bright the future looks. Why, if I were to invite you to go back with me, you would not go. I don't believe I could hire you to do it."

"I know it, father," replied James. "Some-

how the tears will keep coming when I think of your going away; I can't make them stay where they belong."

Mr. Williams drew his son to his side, and whispered something in his ear — what I cannot tell you; but it had a good effect, for James's tears were soon dried; though there were no smiles resting on his fine features, he was more calm and quiet. Mr. Williams gave them some good advice, and, among other things, charged them to remember the "golden rule," and in all cases do to others just as they would have others do to them. "Be watchful over yourselves; for you are in a place of trial and temptation. You both hope you are 'lambs of Christ's flock;' be very watchful not to dishonor his cause. You will become acquainted with the lads gathered here, and no doubt you will find some that will laugh at you and your religion. Never mind; try and do right, and live right; all will end well; treat all kindly. You cannot live without

exerting an influence upon those around you; then, dear boys, strive to have your influence good."

Cousin Angie would make use of Mr. Williams's words, and say to every little boy and girl, "Strive to have *your* influence good: you have some over your little brother and sister, and over each of your playmates. Don't let them hear you use any naughty or improper words. Don't ever use them; one wrong word makes way for another; and if you use them at any time, you will become accustomed to the habit, and use them very frequently — use them when you don't even know it; and sometimes you may use them at a time when you will be sadly mortified about it. Besides, it is very wrong and sinful." But now we will go back to our story.

Ah, while we have been talking, the stage has come for Mr. Williams, and he has left our little friends, freighted with messages and love for kind home friends. Willie ran out to him,

after he was seated in the stage, and begged him to ask his father to put away that bad brandy, and be good and kind to his mother, and to tell his mother she must not forget that God would take care of them, even if they were ever so far from each other.

The driver called to him, "Get down, for we must be off." Down he jumped, crack went the whip, and away went father and friend. The boys stood watching the stage till a turn in the road hid it from their sight. They were making up their minds and screwing up their faces to have a hearty cry, when Mr. Ellwood joined them. He drew their attention from the crying to the school, told them all about it, inquired into their studies, then went with them to the playground.

Arthur soon made his appearance, and Mr. Ellwood committed them to his care. Arthur invited them to play at ball, marbles, or any thing they would name; but they preferred to be "lookers on;" so Arthur remained by them.

They were quite sociable, and felt very well acquainted with each other. Arthur told them he had been there nearly a year, and that he was going directly to college when the year was out.

"Why, Arthur," said Willie, "I should think you would want to go home and see your friends — particularly your mother."

Arthur told him he had no father or mother; "they both died just before I came here to school." Poor little fellow! his eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered.

"O Arthur! we are sorry for you," said James. "And have you no brothers or sisters?"

"No, not one."

"Well, then, Arthur, we are all alike there. Willie has none, and I have none; so we are brothers to each other, and we will be brothers to you too, if you want we should — won't we, Willie?"

And they were true to the pledge given upon the first day's acquaintance — all through

life they were true, warm friends. While they were talking, the bell called them to their books. The playground was then a scene of activity; there was running to and fro, putting away hoops and drivers, bats, balls, kites, marbles, and every sort of plaything used by boys — some putting them nicely and neatly in their places, others throwing them "helter skelter" into one pile, and then hurrying to the school room fast as possible. Willie and James joined the crowd; they almost dreaded to enter the school room the first time as scholars. But it was not half so bad as they thought it would be; and seated by Arthur, they soon felt quite at their ease.

After the roll was called, Mr. Ellwood opened school by reading a chapter in the Bible and by prayer. Willie told James Mr. Ellwood's prayer made him feel better. "To be sure, it made me think of my mother all the time; but you know our mothers say, God will take care of us, if we *are* away from home; and I

thought of it all the time Mr. Ellwood was praying."

Mr. Ellwood assigned our little friends their places in classes; so, before the day was over, they found out what was expected of them, and were all ready to go to work. Some of the lessons looked long and hard, and they felt almost discouraged as they looked at their Latin and Greek books.

School was over for one day; Willie and James went with the rest to the playground; but, arm in arm, they strolled away, and seated themselves under a tree, to talk of the new life they had just entered upon and of home friends. James looked and seemed sad. Willie asked him if he was homesick.

"Why, no, I don't know that I am homesick; but I have not felt very happy to-day. I don't really know the reason of my feeling so, though I don't think it is homesickness."

"Well, James, I have not felt as happy as usual to-day; but I think I know the reason.

I did not say my prayers this morning; I was ashamed to kneel down before the boys; and then you know we did not have much time; the bell for us to go to the school room rung before we were hardly dressed. I never feel happy when I neglect prayer; do you, James?"

"No, not very happy. I knew that might be the cause; but I did not quite like to say so. But this afternoon I made a resolution not to let another day pass without seeking the assistance of my heavenly Father. If I neglect prayer, it seems as though every thing went wrong, and I feel restless and unhappy for the day."

"Well, James, I'll tell you what I mean to do: the bell rings only in time for us to dress before we go to the school room: so if we lie in bed till that rings, we shall be just as badly off to-morrow morning as we were to-day. Let us get up before the bell calls us; then we shall have time to read a chapter, and all before we go to the school room."

"I'll agree to it, Willie; but don't you expect the rest of the boys will make fun of us?"

"Yes, I am afraid they will; but we must not mind them. Mother told me I must do my duty, and God would help me; and I know it will be easier to begin now than next month or next week."

"But what shall we do to-night?" asked James. "You know we shall study with the rest this evening, and shall go to bed at the same time they do."

"I had not thought of that before. Why, James, we must begin this very night."

"But we can say our prayers in bed just as well — can't you, Willie? What difference does it make?"

"I don't know as it makes any with you; but I am very likely to fall asleep in the middle of mine; besides, my thoughts wander more. You do as you think best about it; but I really wish you would do as I do."

"I will; and we will begin this very night. But I see the boys going towards the house, and guess the supper bell has rung."

They found it had, and were just in time to take their seats with the rest. During study hours Willie and James were thinking of their plan. All the school assembled in the school room during evening study hours, and were under the supervision of a teacher the same as during the day. When the study time was almost over, Willie handed James a slip of paper with something written upon it. While he reads, we will peep over his shoulder and see what he says.

"O James, I am so tired and sleepy, I should be glad if study hours were over, if it was not for *one* thing. I do so dread doing what we were talking about before tea, for I know the boys will laugh at us. I almost shrink from it."

James wrote on the other side, —

"Willie, dear, it will not be as trying as

we expect. I dread it, too, for I never could bear to be laughed at; but I keep thinking of that verse, 'My grace is sufficient for you.'"

CHAPTER V.

HOW THEY SUCCEEDED.

LIKE every thing else, their study hours and the recess after them passed away; and the bell warned them that the hours for rest were at hand. To Willie and James it said, "The time so much dreaded has come."

They undressed very slowly, and all but Arthur were nicely nestled in bed before they were ready. Willie thought Arthur seemed to be waiting for something, and he could not help wishing he would make haste. They put their clothes away with the utmost care, arranged their books upon the table, and did till there was nothing more to do. Still Arthur was busy about something — they did not know what. At last Willie whispered to James, and both knelt by the side of the bed. Could we

have heard their petitions, we should have found they were asking for strength and grace to aid them in the new situation in which they were placed.

That night both went to bed with happy hearts, and full of good resolutions. Just before getting into bed, James thought of Arthur, and looked to see where he was. Judge of his pleasure when he found that in Arthur he had a praying companion; for there, by the side of his own little table, was Arthur kneeling. During the time they were at school together, and years after, James saw Arthur in various situations, — doing acts of kindness, relieving the poor, caring for the sick, besides filling a variety of honorable places among men, — but he often thought he never saw him look so beautiful, in all his acquaintance with him, as he did that night kneeling in the pale moonlight.

They slept quietly and soundly, dreaming of home and pleasant things, and never opened

their eyes till the bell sounded for all the sleepers to get up. "I declare, Willie, this is too bad," was the first thing James said. They hurried, but all to no purpose; the bell for prayer rang before they were quite dressed. Directly after prayers came breakfast, then an hour for study, after which a short recess, in which all might take a run in the playground previous to entering upon their school duties. This morning, Willie and James went to their room instead of the playground. They had just got seated, with their Bibles, when Arthur entered the room. At first he looked disappointed to see them there, but it was only for a moment; with a smile, he said, —

"I see you are prepared to spend the recess as I usually spend mine. May I join you?"

He was warmly welcomed; and from this time these lads were warm friends. Each had found in the other a sympathizing friend, and every day their friendship grew stronger; and well it might, for it had taken root in sunny

hearts, and was watered by the dews of religion. They comforted and cheered each other under all their trials — for scholars *do* have some trials; and if one was sad or discouraged, the other was ready to point out bright, pleasant things, till the sun of cheerfulness shone into his heart, and his face once more wore its usual smile.

Some are all ready to ask if they had no enemies among the scholars. I am sorry to say, Yes, a few; but they could do good, well-behaved boys little injury.

Our friends spent two years in their Ellwood home, excepting their vacations, which were spent with home friends; and happy years they were, too. They had been there nearly a year; the second vacation was close at hand; Willie seemed quite out of spirits, and not a bit like cheerful Willie of a few days before. Arthur and James endeavored to find out what the trouble was, but with no success. James asked him if he was sick. No. What could

the matter be? Was he afraid he could not have money enough to go to school with another year?

"O, no," said Willie; "I know I shall have that, for I intend to borrow it of your father, if he will let me have it; and when I am a man, I will pay it, interest and all — so that don't trouble me. But I cannot tell you now about it; some time I will."

Soon after this conversation Arthur left them.

"Now, James, I will tell you what you wanted me to a while ago. I have been thinking of my poor father. I am afraid something dreadful has happened to him, for I have not heard any thing of him for several weeks. Mother and your father have been perfectly silent about him, although I ask about him in every letter. To be sure, he has not been much of a father to me for a few years; but for all that, he is my father; and he used to be so good and kind — just like your own. James, don't tell Arthur about this; I could

not bear to have him know any thing bad of my father — that is the reason I did not tell you when he was here. Arthur loves me, and for my sake respects my parents; he will never meet my father, I presume; and if we do not tell him he does wrong and drinks, he will still respect him. I do not think it is wrong not to tell him; he has never asked me any thing about him — that is, any thing that I felt I must tell him all about it."

"O Willie, I think that is all right, and will not tell Arthur any thing about it. You know my father says, If we can't say any good of a person, don't say any thing bad; so don't fear my telling about it. But, Willie, I don't think you ought to be 'scaring up bugbears.' You will soon go home; and I almost know you will find your father safe and comfortable there. So, cheer up."

Three weeks from this time they returned to their homes. The stage left them at Mr. Williams's; but Willie could stay only to shake

hands, and find that all were well and looking very happy, for he was so anxious to see his mother and find out about his father. As he was leaving the house, Mr. Williams called to him to wait a moment, and he would go with him; "for," said he, "your folks have moved since you were at home, and you will not be very likely to find the way."

"Moved! Why, Mr. Williams, what is that for? Is father dead? Or have they been obliged to move to a more miserable home? My mother — O my poor, dear mother!" and Willie's face was very white, and his eyes were full of tears.

Mr. Williams sought to allay his anxiety.

"O my son, don't be alarmed; your father and mother were both well this morning, and I presume they are now. They are expecting you; so we will hasten over and see them."

Willie, full of hope and fear, walked with a rapid step, and in a few moments stopped before a small but nice house. Mr. Williams

walked in without rapping; and in a moment more Willie was folded in his father's arms, and that father was not the one he left a few months before, but so changed! Now he was neatly dressed, his face was the face of other years, when Willie was a little boy. He was surprised; he folded his arms about his father's neck, and cried as though his heart was breaking; but they were tears of joy. And he was not alone; for his father and mother both joined him, and even Mr. Williams struggled to keep back the tears.

"Ah, mother," said Willie, "now I know why you have kept me in the dark about father. You wanted to surprise me. O father — dear father! I am so glad, so happy, I don't know what to do with myself. Why, just to think I have found my old father again — the one that used to teach me and love me. Tell me how this change has been brought about — please tell me, father."

"It is you that have done it, my son — you

and Mr. Williams. You remember you talked with me about the bad life I was leading, and begged me to put away my brandy bottle. I pretended to be in a great rage, but every word entered my soul. I thought my life all over, looked back to the high station from whence I had fallen, saw you striving to be somebody, and resolved I would no longer be a dead weight upon you and your mother. I thought I would see if I could not lead a different life. All night long I was in the barn, rolling and tossing about upon the hay. Once I crept into the house, and stole carefully to your bedside. Your sleep was troubled; in your dreams you were still pleading with me, for in a whisper you spoke my name. I bent over you and listened: 'Do, father, do,' was all I could understand. I resolved I never would touch another drop of brandy as long as I lived; and kissing your cheek, I left you, fearing you might wake up and find me there. I almost wished you would, for I wanted to

tell you of my resolution. Yet I should not have done it, for I was too proud. I was angry with you, you thought, when we separated; and I was too proud to let you know how full of sorrow my heart was. So I crept back to my bed of hay, and lay there till I heard you and your mother moving about the house. Then I moved to one corner, and watched for the coming of the stage through a chink in the boards. How I wanted to see you once more before you left home! But I would not go where you were, for fear I should tell you of my resolution; and that my proud spirit would not admit of. The stage came; from my loophole I could see you distinctly; and I heard you tell your mother to bid me good by for you, and tell me you were sorry you had offended me — you never would say any thing to me upon *that* subject again. I called to you to tell you I *had* forgiven you; but the stage started, and you did not hear me. Within one half hour after you left home

I broke my brandy bottle into a hundred or more pieces, and since that hour have not tasted or handled any spirituous liquors, and, with God's help, will never drink any more.

"For days I found it difficult to get any kind of employment, and more than once was determined to go back to my brandy; but your mother talked so comfortingly, and said, if I could only wait patiently, and give people a chance to see that I really intended to reform, I should find something to do — until that time, she could support both by washing and sewing, and I could assist her by getting her wood and water, and keeping her fire.

"Not many days after this conversation, our best earthly friend, Mr. Williams, offered me a clerkship in his store. Now, my son, I once more welcome you to a cheerful, happy home."

And such Willie found it. He thought these weeks of vacation the happiest of all his life. He declared his mother had grown twenty years younger in the twenty weeks he had

been absent. He would sit by his father's side hour after hour, and many times said, "How good it seems to have a father once more!"

James enjoyed his friend's prosperity and happiness as much as Willie did himself. Many of his evenings were spent with him and his parents. James was surprised to hear Mr. Smith converse so fluently, and use such good language, and once told him he little thought he could talk so well the first time he saw him, and told him how afraid he was of him at that time.

Vacation over, our friends returned to their studies and schoolmates. Willie was more joyous and full of life than ever before. He said he felt as though he could hold up his head and look his companions in the face; but when his father led such a miserable life, he had little desire to know or be known. He told Mr. Ellwood that the dark cloud which had been hovering over him for years had broken away, and once more the sun was shining upon

his heart. His health improved, as his mind was less troubled; his lessons were more thoroughly and quickly learned. Every action of his now seemed to say, "I have something more to live and strive for than I had before."

The second year of school life seemed to pass more rapidly than the first; and with sorrowful hearts they took leave of their Ellwood home, leaving many sincere friends there. After spending a few weeks at home, they went to college. Willie was not obliged to put his plan of borrowing funds of Mr. Williams into operation; for now his father furnished him with all the money he needed to pursue his education.

We will pass over the years devoted to college and professional studies, and visit them fifteen years after their leaving Ellwood Academy. William had arrived at the point he so ardently desired; he is now among the first lawyers of his time. The friends of his boyhood now never think of calling him "Bill the

WILLIE AND HIS MOTHER

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toper's son;" but it is "Squire Smith." His home is not a poor, uncomfortable hovel; but he is the owner of a nice, comfortable house, with every thing in it for comfort and happiness. And when he can have a quiet evening in this home, with his talented and amiable companion, and his own little James and Arthur around him, he declares he is the happiest man on earth.

His father's reformation was lasting; fortune smiled on him. Mr. Williams found him possessed of good business talents; and after employing him as a clerk for eight years, he took him as a partner into his business. Squire Smith often says to his old friend James,—

"If it had not been for you, where should I have now been? Surely not where I am; possibly I might have led a miserable life. I was getting discouraged, and growing reckless; the boys were laughing at me, and taunting me with 'Bill the toper's son.' It was your kind words that first gave me hope."

Thus we see how much good a few kind words may do. So, dear children, if you have nothing else to give, give them; and if you have something else to give, be sure and give kind words too. You may be the means of doing a great deal of good in that way. Who knows but you may cause the sunshine of hope to beam into some desponding, discouraged heart? Probably William would not have been what he was had it not been for James. There is little doubt, however, about his being a respectable man; for he had suffered too much from his father's bad habits to follow them. But this alone might not have saved him. He had a pious mother, who instilled correct principles and right motives into his heart. All these things, combined with God's blessing, saved him, and made him what he now was. In his prosperity he remembered his boyhood; and when Dame Fortune smiled, and scattered her gifts around him, he made good use of them. Suffering and want were made

to fly before his open hand and warm heart. Many poor but worthy boys were educated at his expense, becoming men of influence and holding places of trust and honor among men.

James, according to his early resolution, became a minister of the gospel. The God he had loved and served from childhood smiled upon his efforts and blessed them; and many, through his instructions and faithfulness, were led to take the words of Holy Writ as the compass by which to guide their little bark through the stormy ocean of time, feeling confident that it would direct them to the shores of the heavenly Canaan.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE.

"O MOTHER, I can't get this arithmetic lesson, it is so hard and so long. I think my teacher is too bad to give me such a lesson. She knows I can't learn it, and wants me to fail — I know she does," exclaimed little Helen White.

Her mother looked up from her sewing; she looked surprised and grieved to hear her little daughter speak so. In a gentle voice she bade her come to her. This kind mother placed her arm around her little daughter, and drew her to her side, saying, —

"Was that my little Helen that gave vent to such feelings? I fear you have forgotten

the good resolutions you made this morning. Let me look at your lesson."

Helen blushed, and held up the book for her mamma's inspection. The color deepened in her cheeks, and she hung her head in shame, when her mamma exclaimed,—

"Why, what a short lesson! only half a page! What did you mean when you called it hard and long? My child, it is much less difficult than your yesterday's lesson. If you will study faithfully one half hour, you will conquer all your difficulties; if you don't, I will assist you."

"I can do all the examples but one," said Helen; "and that I can't do."

Her mother hummed that little song,—

"Try, try, try again;
And if at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Helen smiled, and said,—

"I will try again; for I have only tried twice;" and away she went, with a hop and a skip, out of the room.

In a few moments she came bounding back, singing in a loud voice, —

"I have conquered! I have conquered! for I have done it;" in the same breath saying "I feel happy, now I have finished it. I wanted to play — that was what made me so naughty; and, dear mamma, I am sorry I spoke so unkindly about my teacher, for I love her dearly, she is so good and kind. Never will I speak so again. Will you try and help me be a better girl, dear mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and I will begin by telling you a story about perseverance; and while I am doing that, you may hem this handkerchief for papa."

Helen soon got her little work box, and seated herself on a low stool by her mother's side. "Now I am all ready for you to begin."

"Well, Helen, when I was a little girl about as old as you are, a family by the name of Sinclair came to reside in our village. Soon after they moved there, the husband and father

died very suddenly, and left his family in very destitute circumstances. There were only two children — Edward and Emma; Edward was about eleven, and Emma nine years old. They attended the public school; and both paid such attention to their studies, and behaved so well in school, that they obtained the respect and esteem of their teachers; and they were so kind and gentle to their schoolmates, that we all loved them very much.

"Emma was very anxious to obtain a good education, that she might become a teacher when old enough. When she was at home, she worked hard to assist her mother in getting food and clothes for themselves; for often they were short of both. Many times these poor children were obliged to go to bed as soon as it was dark, because they had no fire to make them comfortable, and no light by which to study.

"Poor Emma often shed bitter tears because she could not do as other little girls did about

studying. She 'did not care for their fine clothes and well-furnished houses; to be sure she would like clothes more comfortable, and a house that did not leak would be a great deal better;' but then she did not envy her little companions these things half as much as she did their bright lights and warm, cheerful fires.

"I said Emma often wept; but she loved her kind mamma, and sought not to add one atom to her already heavy burden. So she would try to keep back her tears; and when they would no longer be kept, she would bury her face in her pillow, so that her mother should not hear her sobs.

"But these children were not quite discouraged, though they had poverty to contend with. Sometimes their mother would be very sad and low spirited, and get almost discouraged; and then these dear children would try to comfort and cheer her. Edward would say, 'When I get to be a lawyer, you shall not work so;'

and Emma would chime in with her musical voice, 'Yes, mother, when Eddy gets to be a lawyer, and I am a teacher, you shall have every thing to make you comfortable; and we shall be so happy! Why, mother, I can almost see ourselves in a nice little white cottage, with green blinds, a good woodhouse, and, what is still better, it is well filled with wood. O, such a nice bright fire as we will have then! Why, the very thought of it makes me warmer, I believe. Don't you almost feel it, mother?'

"Thus these children would drive away the tears, and bring back smiles to that fond mother's face; for though she never expected to see them filling the stations of which they so often spoke, she felt they would be good and respectable, and if life was spared, would be a solace and comfort in her declining years.

"They had many ways of earning little sums of money, all of which they deposited in a little red box, which stood upon an old chest of drawers in their mother's bed room. This box

they called the family bank. When a penny was given them, they did not spend it for candy, like some little boys and girls I know, but put it into this bank; and it was used to buy tea for their mother and bread for themselves. Ah, you wonder how such little people could earn money — do you? Well, I will tell you all about it.

"A kind neighbor gave them a bit of ground to cultivate. This Edward divided; and in his half he raised radishes, beets, and turnips, while Emma cultivated flowers. They watched over their gardens with the greatest care; you could not have found a weed there, for just as soon as one 'peeped up its head,' it was torn out of the soft, rich bed, and thrown away; and when every other garden was dried and parched by the sun, theirs looked green and thriving, for they watered them every evening; and the flowers and vegetables held up their heads, and waved them back and forth in the gentle breeze, as if thanking their kind protectors.

"Edward found a ready market for his vegetables; and many said no person had such nice beets and turnips as Edward Sinclair, while his radishes were the earliest and best to be found in the whole town. The ladies were all glad to buy Emma's bouquets, the flowers were so well selected and so neatly arranged.

"Then, again, this brother and sister would take their baskets and hunt the pastures and woods for berries and nuts; and it is almost useless for me to tell you these were soon sold, for you will jump at the conclusion much sooner than I can tell it. But I know you will not think of this part: sometimes, when Edward went to sell his berries, the servant would ask the lady of the house if she wanted any berries, and the answer would be, 'No, for I expect they are poor; and then I always get cheated if I am not there to see them measured; I cannot place any confidence in three fourths of these berry boys.' 'But it is Edward Sinclair that has got them, madam.'

'O, is it? Then take them; for we are always sure of getting those that are good, and also of getting our full measure, for *he* never cheats any one.'

"From this, dear Helen, learn that 'Honesty is the best policy.'" And here Cousin Angie must put in her voice once more, and ask all her little friends that read this book to remember that "Honesty is the best policy" — best both for time and eternity. And remember and never cheat or defraud in little things; if you do, you will be shunned by all; no one that knows you will be willing to deal with you, for they will expect to get cheated; and you, nor I, nor any one likes that. Now we will hear the rest of Helen's mother's story.

"Years passed on: Emma, by her industry, prudence, and perseverance, gained education enough to teach a common school; and while employed in this, her evenings were spent in study. For a year and a half she taught and

studied in this manner; and at the end of that time she had earned enough to go to an excellent boarding school for a few months. When that time had expired, and all her means spent, she intended to teach again, earn more, and again go to school till she was fitted to fill a teacher's place in any of the first seminaries.

"Her first earnings were nearly spent, and she was expecting to leave school very soon; many happy weeks had she spent there; the tendrils of her young heart were wound around those teachers and companions; there was no place, excepting her quiet home, that she loved half so dearly; no other spot was half so sunny to her. And well might she love it; for there it was she learned to love and trust her Saviour, and many of her companions had learned the same lesson, and during the same season of religious interest, and this tie bound them closely together.

"There is nothing, my little Helen, nothing

like religion to unite hearts; and there is a peculiar affection for those friends that become interested in this all-important subject at the same time we did. Other friendships will grow dim and fade away amid the mists of years; but the hearts of Christians are bound by a cord that will outlive the rust of time.

"Do you now wonder that Emma was sad when she thought of leaving those much-loved teachers and companions?" asked Mrs. White. "She was not the only sad one. We all felt badly to have her go. We made up a little purse of money among ourselves for her — enough to pay her expenses for the remainder of that term; she would not accept of it, for she said it was not right she should; she had health and strength, and could teach and study by herself a while, then come back. She thanked us over and over again for this token of our love; but no persuasions of ours could induce her to take it.

"The evening before she left, some of her

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companions were with her in her little room. There stood her trunk, all packed; her usually cheerful room looked sad and gloomy. Emma sat upon a low stool, and we seated ourselves on the floor in a little cluster around her. There we sat, and talked, and wept.

"A rap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' said Emma, supposing it to be one of her schoolmates. The door was opened by a much-loved teacher. Emma arose to meet her. She drew Emma's arm through her own, saying, 'Mr. Young' (the principal of the school) 'wishes to see you.' Emma thought the teacher appeared very cheerful and happy, and wondered what could have happened, for only a short time before she seemed sad when they talked of her leaving the next morning.

"They were soon at Mr. Young's door; he met Emma as she entered, and taking her hand, said,—

"'So, Emma, you leave us to-morrow morn ing.'

"'O Mr. Young,' said Emma, 'I feel so sadly about it; this has been a dear home to me;' and the pearly tear drops told of her sorrow.

"'And would you really like to stay with us, then, supposing I see if I can't make some arrangement to keep you?'

"Emma looked up into his face to see what was coming.

"'O, yes, Mr. Young, do see if I can only stay; I will do any thing for you — will work, sew, or help you in school, any thing of that sort.'

"With a smile, the kind-hearted man asked her if she should be willing to assist in school by hearing the recitations of some of the younger scholars. 'If you are, that shall pay your expenses.'

"Emma's heart was so full that she could scarcely utter her thanks; the tears came thick and fast, but they were tears of happiness.

"She hurried back to her room, and told us the joyful news. Once more we were

joyful and happy; but our joy was of the quiet sort. Emma's trunk was unpacked in much less time than it took to pack it; in one half hour after it was decided she was to stay with us, the room had assumed its old welcome and comfortable look; dresses had found their old places in the closet; the empty table was again dressed in its pretty little blue and white checked cover, and the books upon it had an old, familiar look; the stuffed cushion, with its chintz covering and valance, was put upon the trunk, and once more it had resumed its duty of sofa, settee, or lounge, for by all three of these names was it known.

"It was nearly time for us to go to our rooms, when Emma said, —

"'How happy I am that this is not the last evening I am to spend with you! How good in kind Mr. Young to let me stay! How hard I will try to be worthy of his kindness and trust! Shall we not thank God for his goodness and mercy to me?'

"We all knelt around Emma, while she poured out her soul in prayer; each of her companions followed her, for we all had blessings to ask for ourselves and young friends; and that night, when the good night and kiss were given, we parted, feeling that we loved Emma and each other better than ever before.

"The next morning Emma took her new place in school. She was employed only a couple of hours in teaching; the rest of the time was spent in hard study; her little pupils became much attached to her. Year after year she remained in that seminary, and rose, step by step, till she held the place next in rank to Mr. Young.

"All that became acquainted with her knew her only to love and esteem her. Why was it? No, she was not beautiful; but she was gentle and kind. To be sure she was now accomplished; but then she was just as much esteemed, just as much beloved, before she was so accomplished as after.

"She had many suitors; wealth and honor were laid at her feet; but she wanted something more than that — with riches and honor. she wanted goodness, and the true lasting wealth, religion. At last she married a distinguished minister, who was settled in the town where she had been a teacher for so many years.

"Had I time I would tell you more of her; but I trust from what I have told you that you are convinced that, with perseverance, you can and will accomplish almost any thing you set about. Be sure you are right; then persevere.

"Edward met with equal success in his endeavors. By his own exertions he went to school and was fitted for college, — paying his way at that time by taking care of the academy, — went through college, studied his profession, and became what he so often told his mother he should — a lawyer.

"Often did Mrs. Sinclair tell the story of Edward's and Emma's childhood to her grand-

children. Edward loved his mother just as well after he became a distinguished man as he did when a poor boy. He surrounded her with every comfort and luxury, as though he would blot out the past years of penury and suffering. Many times, when she would shower her blessings upon him, he would kiss her wrinkled cheek, and say, —

"'Well, mother, I used to tell you you should have every thing to make you comfortable and happy when I became a lawyer; but then you did not believe I ever should be one. Ah, mother, it was perseverance that did it.'

"Then the old lady would look up through her spectacles, and smile one of her own peculiar sweet smiles, and say, —

"'O Edward, you are a good son, and God will reward you for it — I can't.'

"Now, Helen, I hope you will profit by this story, and persevere in whatever you undertake."

Thus ended Mrs. White's story of Persever-

ance. Now, my little readers, if any of you have difficulties to contend with, don't give up when you feel inclined to or get almost discouraged; think of little Edward and Emma Sinclair, and, like them, persevere. You will conquer — no doubt of it.

There is another thing in which I wish you to imitate them: they early sought an interest in the Saviour. Though I have not told you much of Edward, he was as good as great, and when a mere boy, became a disciple of Christ. Think of this story, dear children; and may you gather courage from it, and keep doing and trying.

THE BAD TEMPER CURED;

OR THE

ENEMY MADE A FRIEND.

THE BAD TEMPER CURED;

OR THE

ENEMY MADE A FRIEND.

Sarah Lyman and Mary Mason were schoolmates. Sarah was the daughter of a physician who had made a fortune by the manufacture of some celebrated medicine; while Mary's father was a farmer. Though not wealthy, Mr. Mason had a good share of this world's bounties, and was often heard to declare he would not change places with the King of England or the president of our own country.

He considered his children among the choicest of his treasures; and well he might, for a more orderly, healthy, and happy set of children

is seldom met with. He confessed they had little or no beauty to boast of; but then that was no matter; "actions went further than looks." Though Mary was what a stranger would call decidedly homely, her gentle disposition and sympathizing heart won the love of all her companions, and the esteem of all who knew her. Her young friends thought no cir cle complete unless she was there; no one of them could please like Mary; no one could scatter the clouds that dimmed the horizon of their youthful days, and bring back smiles and sunlight to tearful eyes and sad hearts, so soon or so surely as Mary Mason.

I said all her schoolmates loved her; there was one who did not even *like* her, but looked upon her with a jealous eye — that was Sarah Lyman. Sarah was what a stranger would call beautiful, with her fair complexion, curling hair, and dark, hazel eyes; and then so winning and sprightly in all her ways and movements, it would seem that all must love Sarah, too.

But what means it? It can't be that they do; for many of those who know her best avoid her society; and even those she calls her particular friends often leave her to seek Mary's society. Why is it? Ah, these little girls think more of the worth than the wealth of their playmates.

Mary has a sweet, pleasant disposition, while Sarah has not; wherever she goes, the seeds of discord are scattered with no sparing hand, circles of playmates, that were good and kind tempered before she joined them, almost always became divided, and very often angry words are heard.

From the first of her entering school, she seemed to dislike Mary, with her gentle, peaceful disposition, and sought to wound her sensitive feelings by every means in her power. Mary bore all quietly and patiently, sometimes remonstrating in gentle tones, but more frequently making no reply. One thing particularly worked upon Sarah's feelings. Mary

had obtained the first prize for punctuality, as she was not late once during the whole term. Sarah was late but once, and would have received it if Mary had not, for all the rest of the scholars had more black marks against their names.

At the time the prize was awarded to Mary, Sarah appeared very cross about it, and muttered something about getting it next time, and about revenge; but all knew her so well that none wondered at her, or heeded what she said.

One wet morning, Mary was hurrying along to school, with her bag of books thrown over her shoulder, so that they might be the better protected by the umbrella, for the rain was beating into her face. Sarah came out of her father's house just as Mary passed. "O, if I could but make Miss Goodness late this morning, then I might be number one next examination; if I can't manage to make you late, I see no chance for me. I'll try

it, and see if you get there in time this morning."

With a rapid step she came up with Mary, and noiselessly and carefully drew her sharp knife across the bottom of Mary's bag, then hurried past her with a hasty good morning. The bell called them to their places; but usually-punctual Mary was not in her seat. This was such an uncommon occurrence, that both teacher and scholars noticed it; and the teacher inquired if she was sick, or if any one knew any thing about her.

"I guess she is not sick," replied Sarah; "I saw her walking along very leisurely towards the school house something like half an hour ago."

This was spoken in a tone of voice that attracted the attention of the teacher; for a moment she looked steadily at Sarah as though she would read her thoughts, and then went on with her school duties.

Half an hour after the usual time, Mary

made her appearance. She was very wet; her dress was much soiled with mud, and her cheeks bore the traces of tears.

"Ah, Mary," said the teacher, "how does it happen you are so much behind the time this morning? I never knew you so late before. There must be some good reason for it, I think."

"I started in time this morning, Miss Rogers, and should have been here, had it not been for an accident which I cannot in the least understand. When I left home, my bag was whole — at least, I thought it was; and when very near here, I thought it did not seem as heavy as it had done, and took it off my shoulder to examine it, and found it torn in this way," (showing the bag,) "and all my books gone, excepting my atlas and drawing books; then I had to turn back and look for them. I found them scattered a long distance; why, I had to go back almost to Mr. Lyman's before I found all. Some of them are almost spoiled; for they fell into the mud, and it was

raining very hard. See my little pocket Testament! the cover is off, and it is soaked through and through. Grandmother will think I did not take very good care of her new year's present. I am sure I don't know what father will say. I am afraid he will not get me any more books now, for he will think I was very careless; but I am sure my bag was whole when I started with it, and I was so careful not to let my books get wet!"

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Miss Rogers, who had attentively examined the bag, "your bag looks as though it was cut. Who could have done it? Where do you keep it at home? Did not some of your brothers or sisters do it?"

"I don't think they did, Miss Rogers — they would not any of them be mean enough to do such a thing; besides, they never are allowed to touch it. Then I am almost sure it was not so when I put my books into it this morning, just before leaving home. But, O! I

have just thought my slate may have worn it. I broke the frame last evening, and so put it into my bag without any."

The teacher examined the edge of the slate.

"No, Mary, I should not think it possible for your slate to have done it; I should think it had been done with something sharper than the edge of the slate. However, we will not talk of it any more now; for it will not mend the bag or restore the books; and we must go on with our studies. Don't feel so badly about it; I will lend you books for to-day, and possibly your father will get you more when he knows all about it. There is a mystery about it that I hope will be cleared up some time."

Sarah Lyman thought the teacher looked at her when she said so; be that as it may, Sarah's face was very much flushed, and she was uncommonly attentive to her book all the time Miss Rogers was talking with Mary.

Mary took her seat; the school was restored

to order; and for a time all moved on quietly, till Miss Rogers exclaimed, —

"Sophia Perkins out of order — whispering. What were you saying to Sarah? Let us all know."

"Why, I borrowed Sarah's knife; and as I opened it, I found this," holding up something caught between the blade and handle.

"And what is *this*, that it should cause you to violate the rules of the school?"

"It is a bit of Mary's bag, I believe; and I was asking Sarah how it came in her knife."

In an instant every eye was turned upon Sarah, whose flushed countenance told a tale of guilt. Before the teacher had time to say any thing or make any inquiry, Sarah pettishly said, —

"If it is a piece of her old bag, I don't know how it came there. I'm sure I did not cut it."

The truth beamed into many minds. Miss Rogers felt that Sarah was the guilty one; but

how should she prove it? What should she do? Looking steadily at the angry girl, she said,—

"Sarah, are you speaking the truth? Are you sure you did not cut Mary's bag?"

"And so, Miss Rogers, you pretend to say I did it—do you? And that I lie about it, too? I won't bear it; I'll go directly to my father, and inform him of it."

"Keep your seat, Sarah; you will not leave the house till I have investigated this affair. I have not said you did it, nor accused you of telling an untruth; but I now say that appearances are against you, and I wish you to explain how this piece of Mary's bag came in your knife. There is no doubt about its being a piece, for it exactly fits this little place here. Explain it all, or do not complain if we think you guilty of the crime. Remember, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and tell us nothing but the truth. We will give you fifteen minutes to think of it; in the mean time, go on with your studies, young ladies."

O, how still and how long those fifteen minutes seemed to the anxious girls! Miss Rogers held her watch in her hand; and as the last seconds of the allotted time passed away, in a solemn but mild voice she said,—

"Sarah — guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," replied the blushing girl; and bursting into tears, she hid her face in her hands.

A murmur of surprise was heard.

"Quiet, young ladies! quiet! O Sarah, I am sorry to hear that you are guilty. I did hope that you were not; yet I feared. How did you happen to do such a wrong thing? Will you tell us the whole story?"

Sarah, wiping away her tears, said she would; "for I deserve the disgrace it will bring upon me. I have wronged a playmate, and one of the best of girls; and I deserve to suffer for it. I have long felt envious of Mary, and jealous, too, because she is so much beloved by our playmates and companions. Then she was always in school, never receiving a tardy

mark, and, last term, took the prize for punctuality. This made me feel very wicked; for I knew I should have taken it if she had not, as I had been tardy but once. I wished to obtain it this term; and thought, if I could by any means make her late one morning, the prize would be mine.

"This morning, as I saw her hurrying along with her bag over her shoulder, I thought, 'What a fine chance to make her late! — then I shall have my revenge, and get the prize into the bargain.' Then I took my sharp penknife, and drew it carefully along the bottom of her bag, so that her books might fall out; for I supposed that when she missed them, she would return to look for them. I did not intend to spoil them; all I thought of was revenge and the prize. I deserve to be punished; and I cannot complain, if it is severe; only please do not expel me from school."

Then turning to Mary, she begged her to forgive her, saying, —

"I have often injured you; I could not bear that you should be so much beloved while I was disliked; but forgive me — I deserve not to be loved. You are good and gentle. I will tell my father what I have done; he will get you more books. Can you, will you, forgive me?" and the tears coursed down her flushed cheeks, and dropped upon the books before her.

Mary grasped her hand.

"Forgive you, Sarah? Yes, and love you, too, if you will let me; for I know you will be good hereafter. And all will love you, if you will be gentle and kind. And you will forgive her, — will you not, Miss Rogers? — forgive her for my sake. She will do right; and we shall be so happy!"

"Yes, Mary; as you request it," said Miss Rogers, "I will forgive her. I think Sarah has learned a lesson from this morning's occurrence that will be a benefit to her while life lasts. And, Sarah, I trust you will be more worthy

your companions' love and esteem ; and, dear Sarah, remember and always speak the truth ; strive to overcome all wrong, selfish passions, and you will be rewarded with the love of all around you, and the approval of your own conscience."

The next morning, Sarah placed a pile of new books before Mary, and insisted upon her taking them ; her father, grieved and distressed at what his daughter had done, had procured them for her.

From this time Sarah was a changed being ; she became mild and gentle, and was beloved and respected by both teachers and scholars. And when the prize was awarded to her, at the close of the term, she frankly stated to the committee that it did not rightly belong to her ; that Mary would have been in her place had it not been for her own misconduct ; and she requested that she might present it to Mary. The committee gave their consent, and Mary accepted of it ; but after the visitors and

committee had left the school, Mary asked Miss Rogers if she might be allowed to give the medal to Sarah as a token of her esteem, and because she had been a good, kind, gentle girl since the affair of the cut bag. "And I want she should have this medal, so that every time she sees it she may think how much happier she now is than she used to be."

Miss Rogers gave her consent, and Sarah took the medal; and for years she wore it all the time, and gave it the name of her talisman; for she said, if she ever began to feel out of patience or temper, one look at that brought up the cut bag and the sad hour after it was done, and reminded her that gentleness and forbearance were traits far more desirable to possess than envy and revenge.

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S FIRST TRIAL.

THE

SCHOOL GIRL'S FIRST TRIAL.

"O MOTHER, I wish you would tell us a story this afternoon. It rains so, we shall not get out doors to play or work in our garden either. It will be such a long, long afternoon, shut up in the house all the time! Here it is only one o'clock. O, dear, dear!" said Clara Clayton.

"O, dear, dear!" chimed in her sister Maria.

"Why, children," said Mrs. Clayton, "what long, doleful-looking faces! I don't believe there is one bit of sunshine in your little hearts. Your cloudy faces won't let it shine out, if there is. What can the matter be? O, the rain, is it? Why, you little selfish

things. You wanted to weed your gardens, and put them all in order — did you? Well, never mind; the rain will do them a great deal more good than my little girls would with all their care. It will make the weeds grow too — will it? Never mind that either; to-morrow afternoon, after you get home from school, you can pull them up, root and branch. And you will find it much pleasanter working there after the rain; it will not be so dusty. Look out and see how bright and green every thing is looking; only see how the plants hold up their heads, as if they had found new life in the rain drops. Don't you think they are glad it rains?"

"Why, yes, mother," said Clara. "I never thought how much we were needing rain; all I thought of was my own self. Maria, do look at our flowers, that we thought would certainly die; they are looking just as bright as ever they did. O, now I am not a bit sorry it rains — we needed it so much."

"Yes," said Maria; "you know father said yesterday that we should not have peas, beans, or any kind of vegetables, if the dry weather lasted much longer. I expect our disappointment is only one of the 'trials of childhood' that aunt Ellen was telling us about the other day."

"Yes, I suppose it would be called one of them, though aunt Ellen's were worse than this — at least, some of them were worse. Wonder if mother had any trials when she was little."

"Did you, mother? O mother," said Maria, "how funny it seems to think of you as a little girl! I wish I could have gone to see you some Wednesday afternoon — I should so much like to have seen your dolls and playthings."

Mamma smiled; and Clara said, —

"Silly child! don't you know you were not born when mother was a little girl?"

"Will you tell us something about yourself, mother? Supposing you tell us some of your trials when you went to school."

"Well, bring your chairs up this way; and while I am telling the story, you can wind some silk for me. Maria, you may hold it for Clara. See how very nicely you can do it; and here is a little box to put the spools into after you have wound them. I must get my work basket too, for you know my needle must go as fast as my tongue. Now we are all ready; so I'll begin.

"Well, once upon a time, I was a little girl no bigger than you are, Maria."

"I know it, mother. I told you I wanted to see your dolls and playthings then."

Her mother smiled, and went on with her story.

"When I was a little girl, I was impatient to have the time come when I should be a young lady. Those years, away in the dim future, seemed like some bright dream, or a pleasant hour, where all would be joyous and happy; and when the troubles and sorrows of childhood came upon me, I would look forward

into what I called the 'bright future,' and imagine how happy I should be when childhood's years were past."

"Were you any happier when you got to be a young lady?" inquired Clara. "I should like to know; for that is just the way I sometimes feel."

"No, my dear, I was not any happier. All ages have their trials; and of course I was not exempt from them even after I became a young lady. I often thought I enjoyed more in 'anticipation than participation.' Even now, I sometimes look back to those days when I was a little girl, and long for their return."

"Supposing you could have those days back again, should you enjoy them as much as you used to? Are all your schoolmates living?" asked Clara.

"No, my dear; I should find many of my playmates and companions wanting to complete my happiness. Still, I turn to those days with a longing wish; and when the present looks dark,

the bright, cheerful 'light of other days' sheds a soothing radiance around me, and wins back the spirit of contentment and happiness. But those days were not free from sorrow. I remember my first great sorrow, or trial, as well as though it were but yesterday, though more than twenty years have passed since it happened.

"Among my playmates was one gentle, amiable girl, that won the hearts of all; and those who knew her the most intimately loved and esteemed her the most. When quite young, her mother died. Soon after this sad event, Kate came to our village to reside with a friend.

"The first time I saw little Kate was one Monday morning, upon entering the school room. Her dress of mourning and pale face excited my kind feelings and sympathies. I inquired who she was; none of my schoolmates knew; so, after a few moments, I went up to the little stranger, and soon we were chatting away very sociably; and from this time we were warm

and true friends. Loving her very dearly, and feeling a deep interest in her, I often observed her carefully during school hours. I have seen her sitting, with her fair, white forehead upon her thin, white hand, her eyes fixed upon her book as though she was deeply engaged in study; but I knew she was not thinking of her book, for her eyes would remain fixed upon one spot long at a time, and then the pearly tear drops would come thick and fast, falling upon the open book. Books or lessons had little to do with her thoughts at such times. O, how I used to pity her then! for I knew she was thinking of her dear, kind mother.

"One day, Kate was sitting in the position described I had watched her long, and pitied her very much. How I wished I was sitting by her! for I wanted to say something to her to comfort her. At last I hit upon the plan of asking the teacher for some assistance in my arithmetic. On my way to the teacher's desk, I passed Kate's seat; and placing my

hand upon hers, I said, 'I pity you, dear Kate.' These few words, coming from my heart, opened the floodgates of her own bursting heart; the tears came thick and fast.

"At this moment the recess bell rang. I passed out with the crowd, and waited near the door for my friend. One after another of the merry, laughing girls came out, rejoicing to be released from the confinement and restraint of the school room; but Kate was not among them. My playmates urged me to join them in their sports; but much as I usually enjoyed a good play and a fine run through our pleasant ground, I had no heart to join them that day; all my thoughts were with my friend Kate. Soon I returned to the school room, and stole to her side. She was still weeping."

"Mother," said little Maria, "I should have thought you would have put your arms right round her neck, and kissed her, and cried too. I know I should, my heart would have been so full. Didn't you?"

"My dear child, your kind little heart has told you just what I did. I did put my arms about her neck, and kiss her, and cry with her.

"'Thank you, dear Clara,' said Kate, (Clara Clayton was her mother's namesake;) 'thank you for your kind words and kind feelings; they do me good, though you don't know how to pity me, for your dear, kind mother is living.'

"'I know it, Kate,' said I; 'but you know the dear little brother of mine that died a while ago: father says he is living in heaven, and if I am a good girl, that I shall go to heaven when I die, and see my dear little pet brother again; and I know you will see your dear, kind mother there, too.'

"Thus we talked till Kate's tears were all wiped away; then I urged her to go to the playground, telling her that the warm air of May would do her good. She said she did not feel like playing, but would walk with me;

so we wandered away from the groups of merry girls, and seated ourselves under a tree. Without thinking of the distress it might cause my companion, I repeated something my mother had said, saying, 'My mother says so and so.' This made Kate's tears flow afresh. 'O, dear!' thought I, 'what a careless, thoughtless girl I am! Twice in one day I have made the playmate I love the most dearly cry as though her heart would break.' I did not know what to say. She did not speak, but only sobbed. Just then a little bird perched itself upon a branch directly over us, and sang one of the sweetest songs I had ever heard bird sing, and then took her flight. Kate was still sobbing: I had touched a tender chord in her finely-attuned soul, and its vibrations were long and deep. At last she said, —

"'Clara, you ought to be a good girl, you have such a dear, kind mother. You never will know how to prize her till you are deprived of her; at least, I did not know the

CLARRA AND KATE.

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value of mine while she was living. I knew that I loved her very dearly, and that I was very dependent upon her for happiness; but I did not know how much she was to me till I lost her. Now I miss her so much, I think of her all day long, and dream of her at night. Sometimes she seems like some bright, fair being; then I dream of seeing and talking with her just as I used to do. I sometimes long to die and join my mother; and I feel as though I should not live very long, for I often have such a pain in here,' putting her hand upon her chest."

"You did not think she would die — did you, mother?" inquired Maria. "I should not like to have thought so, she was so young and so good."

"O Maria, please don't keep interrupting mother. I am anxious to have her keep on with her story, for I feel so interested in Kate."

"Never mind, Clara; Maria's questions will

not hinder us much, and I like to gratify both of you.

"Yes, Maria, I felt afraid she would die, although I did not tell her so. I thought it best to try and cheer her up; so I told her I hoped she would soon be better; that the warm weather was coming on, and then she would feel well and strong again; and that she had many kind friends, who loved her dearly, and she must live for our sakes, for we did not know how to spare her.

"Yet I feared she had not many months to spend with us. Her very life seemed to say she was fitting for a better, brighter world than this. And as I looked upon her pale face, growing more pale each day, and heard the hollow cough, I felt we must soon be separated. It seemed as though this made me cling more closely to her, till it seemed I lived only in her society.

"A few weeks after our conversation under the tree in the playground, Kate's seat was

vacant. She had seemed more ill the day before; and that night, when we reached my own door, she complained of feeling 'so tired,' we sat down on the steps and rested a while, and I feared she was not able to attend school. When I saw her vacant seat, I thought school never would be done that day; and I could not learn my lesson, for I was all the time thinking about Kate. I lost my place in my class, and received a black mark for inattention; but all to no purpose — my thoughts were constantly wandering.

"School out, I hurried to Kate's home, and found her, as I feared, very ill. She inquired about her schoolmates, and said she was afraid she never should go to school any more; and she never did. She lived only a few weeks after this. I spent all my leisure time with her. School seemed so dull without her, that I longed to have the term close."

"Had not you any other playmates, mother?" said Maria.

"Yes, I had many young companions, that I loved and delighted to play with at other times; but I cared very little about play at this time."

"But did not the other girls feel sad too?" inquired Clara.

"Yes, they missed her very much for a few days, and hardly knew what to do without her; but none knew her so well as I did. We had been like two sisters ever after we became acquainted. We always went to and from school together — walked, studied, and played together; therefore none missed her so much, or felt so sad, as I did. Every day, as soon as school was out, I would hasten to see her, and carry her fresh flowers, some nice fruit, or some little delicacy prepared by my mother, and tell her of my schoolmates, and of every thing that I thought could interest her. The happiest hour of the day was when I was seated on the bed by her side, holding her thin hand — growing thinner each day.

"One Wednesday afternoon, when I went to her room, I noticed she was looking more pale than usual. Taking my accustomed seat, I inquired if she was worse. The dark eyes became brighter, a smile overspread her features, as she said, —

"'Yes, Clara, I am worse. The doctor says I cannot get well; possibly I may live but a little while — a few hours, a few days, or a week.'

"I laid my head upon her pillow, and wept bitterly. I knew she must die some time, but was putting that sad day far into the future; but now my hopes were all crushed by what the physician had said. At length Kate said, —

"'Don't feel so badly about it, dear Clara; I am not sorry that I cannot get well. I had rather die, if it is best. I don't want to live.'"

"Why, mother, was not she afraid to die? Did not care about getting well! How different that would be from me, if I was sick!" said Clara.

"I do not doubt it in the least; but I trust, when you have heard the rest of the story, and found out the source of her strength and resignation, you will drink of the same fountain, and find just the same never-failing friend. At that time I was surprised to see that death had no terrors for her, and asked her if she was not afraid to die.

"'O, no, Clara. My Saviour died for me, and he is very precious to me; I long to be with him. Besides, I feel that I shall see my dear, dear mother, and father, and my little brother and sister. My parents both loved Christ while upon earth, and taught me to love him too. Dear, precious Saviour! What should I do without him now? How many stings death would have then! But now I don't feel afraid to die.'

"Then she talked so sweetly of heaven, and of the love of Christ, that I almost longed to die too. She said she was glad she had not spent all of her short life in seeking the

pleasures of this world. 'What should I now do, if I had not learned to love and trust my Saviour while in health! What a miserable place this sick bed would be to prepare for death!' Then, dear children, she urged me to seek an interest in the same precious Saviour while I was yet a little girl — not wait till I was a woman; for I might not live till that time, but die while I was a child, just as she was dying."

"Did you promise, mother?" asked Clara, in a low, subdued voice.

"Yes, dear, I promised I would remember what she had said, and love and live for my Saviour. If I had earlier kept my promise, my life would have been a happier one.

"Soon after this conversation I bade her good night. As I was leaving the room, she called me back, and in a low, sweet voice said, —

"'Clara, when I am dead, I want you should have my little red Bible. Keep it for my sake, and read it for your own; and if I

never see you again, remember my last words· "Live for Christ."'

"I kissed her pale cheek, and left her, little thinking it *would* be the last time I should see her, and that those words *would* be the last I should hear her speak. That night she died. This was my first sorrow — my first great trial. Never shall I forget my feelings when my mother told me she was dead.

"Two days after her death, we attended her funeral. It was a beautiful Sabbath, in the fall of the year; the trees were covered with variegated foliage; and the October wind, stealing through the branches, seemed sighing a requiem for our much-loved playmate and friend. Many tears were shed as we laid all that remained of our companion in a secluded spot in our village graveyard. Our pastor, speaking of her life, said she had left good evidence that she was a 'lamb of Christ's flock.' He said we should miss our little friend very much; but we must try and remember that 'our loss was

her gain.' He begged of us to take the same precious Scriptures for our guide, saying they would teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying; pictured the perfect joy and happiness of the redeemed, and closed with, —

"'Little friends, follow in your playmate's footsteps. She has left you a bright example. Soon we may be called upon to perform the last sad office for you, just as you are assembled now to perform it for your little friend. Live so that, when you die, you can join your playmate in that bright world to which she has gone.'"

"Mother, did you use to go and visit her grave ever?" inquired Clara.

"Yes, dear, very often; and we school girls kept her grave strewed with fresh flowers during the summer; and all the girls contributed a little, and purchased a plain white marble slab for the head of her grave, bearing this simple inscription: 'OUR FRIEND — KATE.'"

"Now, mother," said Maria, "I know why you are so choice of that little red pocket Bible that is in your upper bureau drawer, in your room. It used to be little Kate's — did it not?"

"Yes, that was the Bible."

"Well, mother, I don't wonder you would not give it to me when I asked you for it; but if you should give it to me now, I should be so careful of it; for I know its history."

"Why, Clara, what a short afternoon! And, hark! there goes the tea bell. Why, I do believe Nancy has made a mistake, and got tea all ready before six."

"No, Maria," said Clara; "the town clock is just striking six. You and I have spent such a pleasant afternoon, that it has passed very rapidly. I had entirely forgotten the rain — hadn't you?"

"Yes, I had forgotten our little trial in listening to mother's greater one."

GLEANINGS FROM MEMORY'S WAYSIDE.

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NUMBER I.

Little friends, do you like to listen to the stories that you sometimes hear old, mature people tell of their childhood? I doubt not you all would say, if you were to reply, that you liked stories of real life better than any others, or, as a little, bright-eyed, laughing fellow told a friend not long since, "he liked real live stories better than any other;" and though the little group about him laughed, and some inquired "what color they were, if they had wings or legs, and whether they were good eating when well cooked," he bore it all pa-

tiently, never for a moment feeling a bit angry, but returning some pleasant answer for each laugh and jest, and still insisted that "real live stories" were preferable to any others. He knew they would think so too, if they only had some good aunty to tell them such stories. When asked for an explanation of the term, he said, "by real live stories he meant things that had really happened to people when they were little boys and girls, or after they were grown up."

Now, in these "gleanings" I propose to give you some "real live stories" — that is, to tell you something of my schoolmates and of childhood's days. I do not promise that there shall not be one particle of fiction about them; I may think it best to season the dish with a little, just as a cook uses spices to make her food more palatable; but I do promise that the greater part of each tale shall have seen real life some time.

I love to look back upon those early days,

there is so much of sunshine there. Though the dark clouds of disappointment and real sorrow did sometimes arise, then how freely the rain drops would fall! and one would have thought it was an April day; but then hope, that bright rainbow of childhood and youth, would soon shed her genial rays upon my little world, and all would be well again.

When you are older, and engaged in the busy scenes of life, I doubt not but you too will look back to your childhood days, and find the picture bears more of "sunshine than shade." You will always remember them, even if you should live to be very old; you will remember the scenes of early life better than the scenes through which you and your companions are then passing. At least, I judge so, from what I have seen and heard aged people say.

I had a dear grandmother, that lived to be almost a hundred years old. Though many years have passed since she died, I can now

see her, in imagination, sitting as she used to in her large easy chair, busily knitting for some of the little troop of grandchildren, that were as busily playing about her; for we were sure to get into grandmother's corner. Somehow we never built as nice and convenient baby houses in any other corner of the house; and when we played "hide the handkerchief," "hide and seek," or any of the games where "you must be sure and not look," we never thought of blinding in any other part of the world than grandma's corner. To be sure we sometimes found the long rockers of her chair an inconvenience, to say the least; for many a fall did we children get over them. I hardly think I ever played a whole day in my life, in that region, without making friends or enemies of said rockers. It did sometimes seem to me as though they put themselves to some inconvenience to come in contact with my feet. Never did my uncle see me with a bruised spot upon my head or arms, but he would say,

"Been having a falling out with grandma's rockers?" Upon one occasion, there was a whole week that I kept away from that fascinating corner — at least, away from behind grandmother's chair.

Upon my ninth birthday I had a present of a very pretty wax doll; then I thought it the most beautiful thing in the world, and felt very proud of it. I really believe I thought myself a little better than any of my sisters, because I had a doll a little nicer than any of theirs, and one that would shut and open her eyes whenever I bade her do so — provided I touched a spring.

I suppose you have heard the old adage, "Pride must have a fall;" and in my case it had an effectual one. Only a few days after I received my beautiful gift, we sisters were all "housekeeping" in different parts of the room. I went to return my sisters' visits, and lastly called upon the one that resided in the favorite corner. Made quite a long call; talked about

the weather, the last concert, and the last new novel, just as a young lady had done that called upon mother the day before; and, in addition, had displayed the beauties of my baby, and told of all her cunning ways, and the pretty things she would do, and ended by declaring that I thought she took after her mother, and was far more beautiful and *intellectal* (you see I was not used to such great words, and did not get it quite right) than my sister's. She replied that she guessed hers would live the longest, for I should be sure to tumble down and break its head or neck before many weeks. I told her I guessed Miss Lily Waxwork would outlive her paper-headed baby, and bade her good morning in no very sisterly mood or voice, and turned to leave her domicile.

In my haste, I never thought of the rockers that guarded her doorway; and down went baby and I, and, as a matter of course, baby went first. When I picked myself up, there

she was, with neck broken and head ground to powder.

"There," says my sister, "what *has* happened to her intellect? And does Miss Waxwork take after her mother now?"

The children all laughed, and I always thought that grandma smiled; but I never knew whether she did or not, for in half a minute my head was buried in her lap, and the rain drops fell freely; but I was very quiet about it. I felt a little bit provoked with my sisters, at first, to think they should laugh at my sad calamity; but when I thought of my call, and the things I said, I did not wonder that they laughed to see how soon my sister's words proved true. I actually felt ashamed, and secretly resolved that I never would feel so proud of any thing again.

Through grandma's and sister's exertions I was soon comforted. Dear, kind grandma said she would have her rockers cut off, or at least a part of them; but we all said no, for if

she did, when she rocked back, she would tip over, and possibly break her head, which we all thought would be far worse than breaking Miss Waxwork's, or than our tripping over them. I proposed that we should stay away from that corner, and play in some other. All consented; but before the week was out, all the rest had got back to their old quarters, declaring that it did not seem like home any where else, and they would rather have a "falling out" with grandma's rockers once in a while than to be deprived of that corner. I staid away from behind the chair just one whole week, and then joined them, saying I guessed I had learned that *that* chair had rockers.

All remembered Miss Lily Waxwork and her fate for a long time; and often, when I was taking a little too much pride in any new thing, or boasting, some of my sisters would inquire "if it took after its mother;" and many a time, when grandma saw the naughty spirit

rising in me, she would call me to her side, and say, "Be careful," or, "Remember Lily Waxwork."

O, how we all loved that dear grandmother! She occupied the next place to our parents in our affections and esteem; we were ever ready to attend to all her little wants and wishes, and never thought of disobeying her any more than our parents. Children, do you all treat the aged with proper respect? Are you always kind and obedient to your grandparents? I hope so; but I do sometimes see the aged grandmother neglected, and rudely spoken to by her grandchildren; and the grandfather, with his white locks and feeble frame bowing under the united weight of years, care, and labor, meets with no better treatment. O, such conduct is a blot, a dark stain, upon any boy's or girl's life, be they ever so beautiful, ever so learned, or their dispositions ever so kind and gentle to others. Then, little friends, be kind, gentle, and respectful to the aged — par-

ticularly so to your grandparents. They have had enough of the ills and sorrows of life; then seek to strew flowers along the remainder of their pathway through this world, where there are so many thorns and briers. Think how much of love and tenderness they bestowed upon you in your childhood and helplessness, and seek to pay back a portion of it, for that will be all you will be able to do.

But to return to my own grandmother. When we were tired of play, we would gather about her and ask her to tell us a story. Almost always she would tell us something that happened when she was young. Even then we used to wonder how she could remember the things that happened so long before. The hours spent with her were the happiest of my childhood. Grandmother lived till many of those children that played and tumbled about her chair had grown up, and taken their places in life's great drama, and were scattered in different parts of the world; but never did any

of them seek their childhood homes without paying a visit to the aged loved one, though her mind became so impaired that she did not know us, or even remember us long after we told her who we were. She remembered the things of her childhood and youth; and we would sometimes lead her to speak of the incidents she had told us when we were little children, and she would relate the particulars as minutely as she had done before. At one time, some one remarked to her that her young life must have been a pleasant one, or she would not remember it so well.

"Yes," she replied, "it was pleasant; but no more so than yours. Old people remember things that happened when they were young better than any others."

Then she seemed to forget all about us, and sat wrapped in her thoughts, her knitting in her lap and her arms folded. She seemed communing with days past and gone.

At last she spoke, in a low, sweet voice:—

"O, those were pleasant days — they are such bright and beautiful things to look back upon! But — but — " and she drew a long sigh.

"Why that sigh, grandma?" inquired some kind voice.

"I was thinking how I deceived my mother once, when I was a young girl. I was always sorry for it; and even these long years after, I remember it, O, so distinctly! How many, many times I wish I had not done it! Dear, kind mother!"

Some one asked her to tell us what she did; but it seemed to give her pain, and she said "not then; she did not feel strong enough; but some time she would tell us." Then she said, —

"Now, children, don't you ever do any thing wrong; don't ever be unkind to your parents, or deceive them; for if you do, it may lie just like a great weight upon your heart, and you will remember it as long as I do — for old people remember their childhood when other

things are forgotten. It was no very great thing that I did; but it was wrong, and it gave my mother so much pain, and made her sad. Some time I will tell you all; but not now — not now."

We never heard the tale, for soon after our grandmother sickened and died; but none of us grandchildren ever thought she could have done any thing very wrong, for we knew the kind and sensitive heart our grandmother had, and knew she would remember any thing that she did that caused her mother pain or sorrow.

Now, dear children, will you not be careful, very careful, that you do not do or say any thing to parents, brothers, sisters, or playmates, that will cause you pain or an uncomfortable feeling every time you think of it, even if you should live to a good old age?

NUMBER II.

"He who is accustomed to do kindnesses almost always finds them when in need."—T. WILLIAMS.

LITTLE friends, do you ever wonder? I sometimes do; and once upon a time I saw something that caused me to wonder very much. About that wondering there was no admiration, but surprise and amazement that any one could be so cruel.

'Twas a lovely summer morning. The little birds, the flowers, the bright green grass, trees, and shrubs, and the brook as it went "smoothly gliding on its pebbly way,"—all played their part in the scene, and helped to fill hearts with joy and happiness.

"What a lovely morning! and how happy I am!" said Eugene B., as he came with a hop and a skip into the sitting room. "I feel just

as though I should like to do some good; how I wish some poor, lame, or blind man would happen along, and want my help! I assure you he would get it in a jiffy. Or possibly I might be satisfied to help a poor woman with two or three small children."

"Ah," said his sister Fannie, "you feel in a better mood than you did last night, when you wished all the beggars in France."

"Of course I do. How can any one help feeling happy, and wishing to do good, such a lovely morning as this?"

Scarcely had he expressed this wish, when he heard laughing and loud shouting in the street, and we all hurried to the window to ascertain the cause. We found that a company of boys had tied with a strong cord the legs of a large Newfoundland dog, in such a way that it was almost impossible for him to run; then they put stones into a small milk can, and attached it to his tail. The rattling of the stones and the shouts of the boys drove

the poor dog almost frantic. He would attempt to run, but soon fall floundering in the sand; another shout from the boys would bring him upon his feet again, and cause another attempt to run. The dog's strength seemed nearly spent, and the boys' shouts grew louder and louder. "O, dear!" thought I, "what can I do to help the poor creature?"

"O, dear!" said Eugene, "what can I do to get the poor creature out of those fellows' clutches?"

At this moment the dog turned into "our yard."

"Now," cried Eugene, "I'll stop their fun!" and away he bounded.

Eugene was about a dozen years old, was born in New England, though for many years his home had been in the "sunny south;" but he seemed to inherit and act upon true Yankee principles; and at the time I am speaking of he was amusing himself after the true Yankee fashion — that of whittling. His father had,

the day before, given him a jackknife; and he was testing its strength and sharpness by whittling out and putting together a cart for his kitten to draw about the house.

As I said before, Eugene bounded away, and the rest followed, wondering what he was going to do. He hurried to the door, and called to the dog. The poor creature seemed to understand that he was a friend, and looked earnestly and longingly to the open door. His looks said as plainly as dog's looks can, "There is a place of safety; but I cannot reach it." Eugene appeared to understand the dilemma the poor dog was in, and darted out of the house, knife in hand. The boys raised a shout of welcome, supposing he was about to join them; but when they saw the knife glittering in the sunlight, and found that he was cutting the fastenings, they threw stones at the dog, and cried out, "Bite him! bite him!" A stone struck the dog; and though he howled with pain, he did not attempt to run, but put his

head down to Eugene's hand, as though he would bite him. Hydrophobia was our first thought; but the next instant we found the poor, suffering creature was licking the hand that was rescuing him. It took but a moment to sever the cord, and one more for the rescued and his friend to find safety in the house.

The dog stretched himself upon the hall floor; and for several hours he lay, too tired to move or eat the food Eugene carried him, while every few moments he would make a low noise, so full of suffering that it made us feel sadly. Towards night he seemed somewhat rested, and ate from the children's hands.

Evening came; the family were together in the sitting room. The children were amusing themselves with some of the quiet games of the present day, while the older members were seated around the table, sewing, drawing, and reading the news; all were busy and happy.

"What's that? what's that?" exclaim half a dozen voices at the same time, as we heard

a scratching upon the door. It was opened, and in walked the hero of the morning. Taking a survey of the group, he walked up to Eugene, licked his hand, and laid his head in his lap, showing that he remembered who it was that acted the friend's part in the morning. The dog wore a collar bearing his owner's name; and the next day he was returned to his master; but he never forgot his newly-found friend.

The next morning he called upon Eugene, bright and early, and at nine o'clock accompanied him to school. The next morning he came a little before nine, and accompanied him as before. This became his constant practice. You would have been amused to have seen how disappointed he looked, one morning, when school commenced half an hour earlier. Nep (I ought long before this to have told you his name; but pardon my negligence, and allow me to give you a formal introduction to Neptune, which for brevity they called Nep) made

his appearance at the usual hour, went into all the rooms where the children were in the habit of playing, finally went to Eugene's sleeping room; not finding him, he returned to the sitting room, seating himself quietly in front of Eugene's mother. Mrs. B. did not notice him at first; so he called her attention by a short, quick bark. Mrs. B. spoke to him and patted him, and then resumed her work. Before long Nep announced his wish for attention the second time. Then Mrs. B. said, "Eugene — Eugene." Nep's eyes showed that he understood Mrs. B.; and he wagged his tail, and capered about with delight. "Gone — gone," said Mrs. B. Nep appeared to understand that too; and in an instant he left the house, and trotted down the street leading to the school house.

When Eugene came home, he said that at recess he found the dog waiting for him at the door. He joined the boys in their sports, and at the close of recess returned home, as

every gentlemanly dog would do. The next morning, he came bounding into the breakfast room before we had left the table, being determined not to be left again. Before many mornings he learned what time to come; and about eight o'clock he would make his appearance, and wait upon his friend to school.

Don't all the little boys and girls think Eugene was well paid for his kindness? Who would not like to possess the friendship of such a noble and intelligent dog? Neptune's master offered to pay Eugene for rescuing his favorite; but he refused it, saying all the pay he wanted was the privilege of playing with the dog sometimes.

I presume, all the time you were reading about that company of cruel boys, you had pictured them in your mind as a ragged set of fellows, with dirty faces and hands, slouched hats and torn caps, many of them without boots or shoes — in fact, you had a sorry-looking group of it, if you did draw such a picture.

For once in your life, you are mistaken; they all belonged to the first class of society, and were attending a boarding school for young gentlemen. Think you they behaved like gentlemen? I believe there was not one but would have blushed to have had his parents and friends know what he had been engaged in.

Near the school buildings was a stream, where the boys skated in winter, fished, sailed miniature boats, and played upon its banks in summer. A few months after this *fun* with Neptune, while the boys were playing about the stream, two of them engaged in wrestling. In their excitement, they approached a shelving part of the bank, where it was dangerous for even one person to stand. Their companions sounded the alarm; but it came too late; already were the two lads upon the dangerous spot; the next instant the earth gave way, and both boys were plunged into the deep water beneath. One only could swim; he soon reached the shore, thoroughly drenched, but not injured,

while his companion was carried down the stream. He shouted for help and struggled with the waves; but his companions lost all presence of mind; and though they shouted and screamed for assistance, none remembered that they could swim, and might render help themselves, or thought to throw any of the boards or sticks with which they had strewed the bank into the water, for the poor fellow to support himself upon till assistance could be obtained. William's strength was nearly spent; still none came to his rescue. It was evident he could not hold out much longer; already had he ceased to call for help. At this instant a large Newfoundland dog came bounding over the playground.

"Joy! joy! There is Nep!" shouted the boys. "There he is, Nep," and they pointed to their sinking companion.

The noble fellow gave one leap, and swam rapidly to the spot where poor William was last seen. Now all was quiet there; William

had sunk, and the water had closed over him. So quiet and peaceful it looked, that none would have thought a death struggle had been the last scene witnessed there. For a moment Neptune disappeared in the dark water, then arose, bringing the drowning boy with him; he kept his head above water, and struck out for the shore. It was a difficult task for him to reach it, for the burden he bore was a heavy one. When near the shore, he stopped, and seemed exhausted; and four of the older boys waded out to meet him, and rescued the senseless form of their companion. In sorrow they bore him to their boarding house.

It was many hours before William was conscious of any thing; and weeks intervened before he again joined his playmates; for fever set in, and many hours of suffering did he endure. The first question he asked was, "Who drew me from the water?" When told that it was Neptune, he covered his face with his hands; the tears trickled down his thin, white

fingers. "What a reward!" said he. "Surely that was good for evil."

Now hear the sequel. William was the boy that proposed the torture, and provided the cord that bound the poor creature, upon his introduction to my young friends. Never was a boy more sorry for a wrong action than was William for this one; and he resolved never again to be unkind to any animal. It was a lesson for all; and each of William's schoolfellows made the same resolution. From that time there was not a kinder set of lads to be found; and many were the blessings they received from the sorrowing and suffering poor, and all animals soon learned they had nothing to fear from them. Neptune became a great favorite with all, and often made one among the merry group in the playground. The boys gave him the name of Rescue; and well they might call him so, for William was the third person he had saved from a "grave in dark waters."

I suppose you all are ready to ask after the welfare of Nep at the present time. I cannot tell you of him at this time, though two years since I heard from him. His master was dead, and in his will he gave Neptune to Eugene. Eugene was from home, attending school, and Nep was with him. Eugene spoke well of his conduct, and said that only a few days before he had picked a little girl, only two years old, out of a mill stream near where they boarded. Eugene said the little girl's father offered him fifty dollars for his good, faithful Nep. "But money can't buy him;" and do any of my readers wonder at the decision?

Now, boys and girls, remember that "kindness is stronger than the sword." Don't wait to do some great kindness; there are opportunities every day for little ones; and it is the little kindnesses that cheer the soul and make glad the heart; and "a kind word in return for an unkind one is a kindness that is felt."

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